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ATOMIC TOP SECRET

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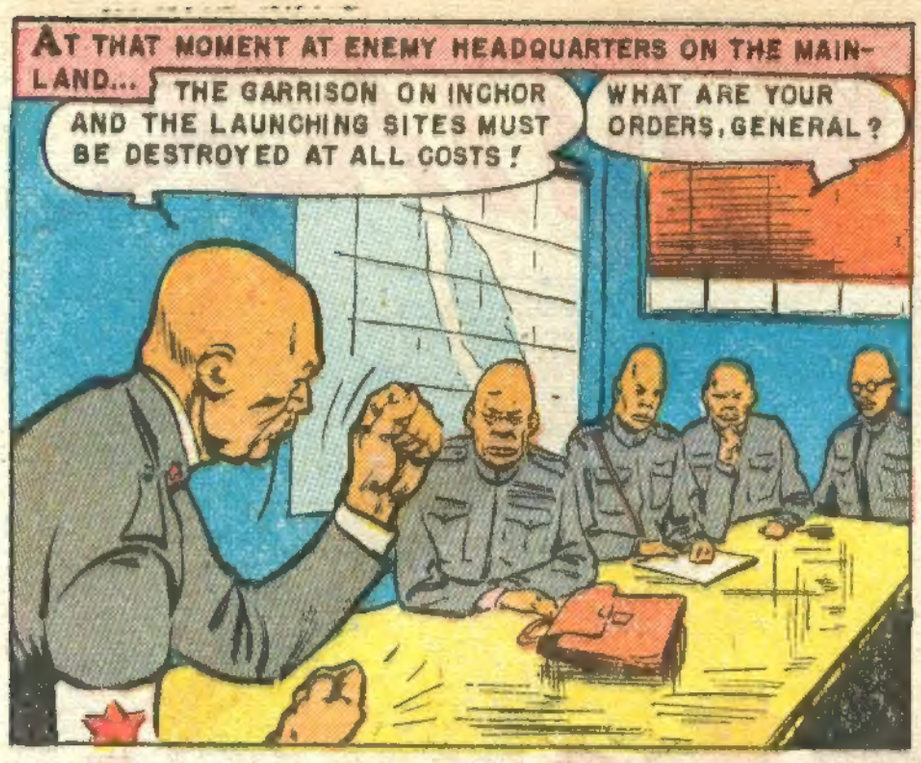
Vol. 1, No. 6, March, 1953 issue. Printed in the U. S. A.

ATOMIC ATTACK

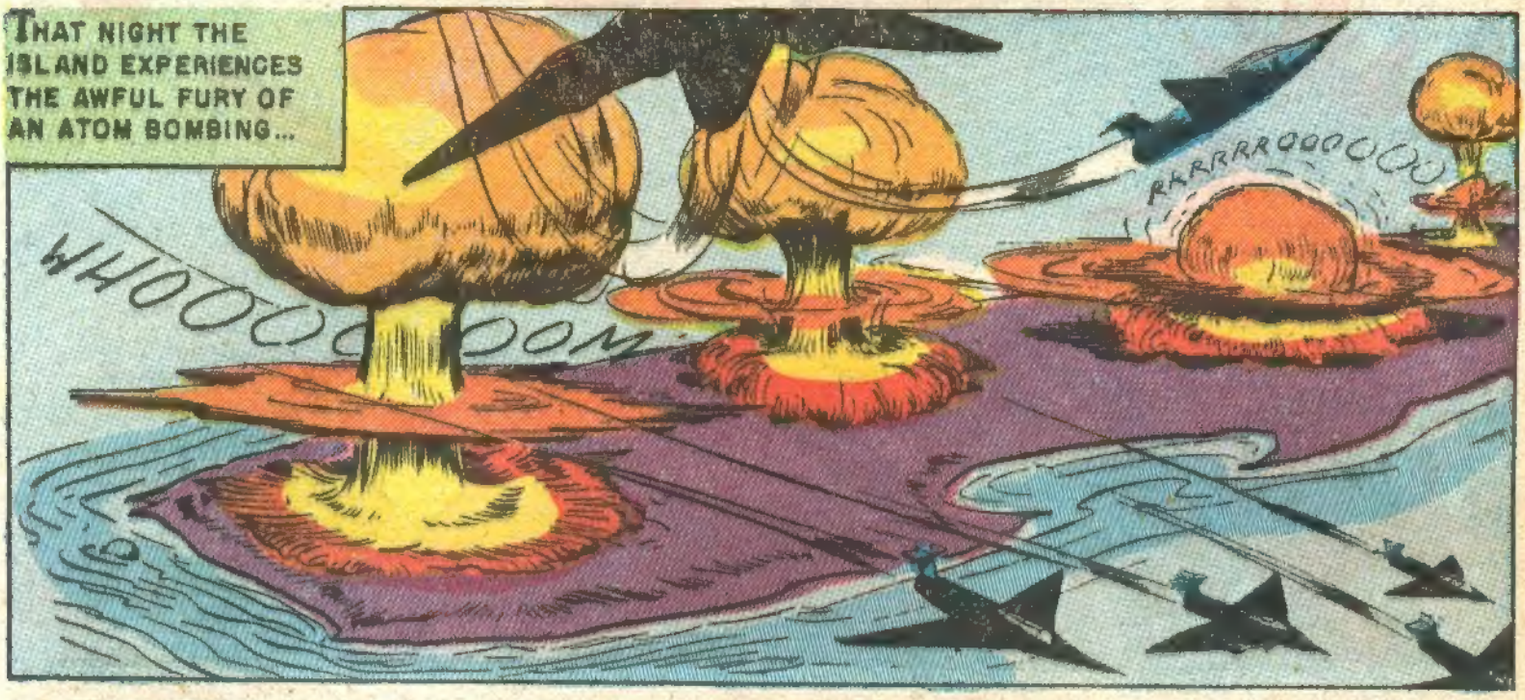
"IT WAS THE AMAZING AND HEROIC DEFENSE OF INCHOR ISLAND DURING THE DARK DAYS OF AUGUST 1976 THAT ALLOWED THE U.N. TO COMPLETE THE GIANT ROBOT PLANE LAUNCHING SIGHTS THAT WERE TO SEND THE ENEMY REELING TO COSTLY DEFEAT."

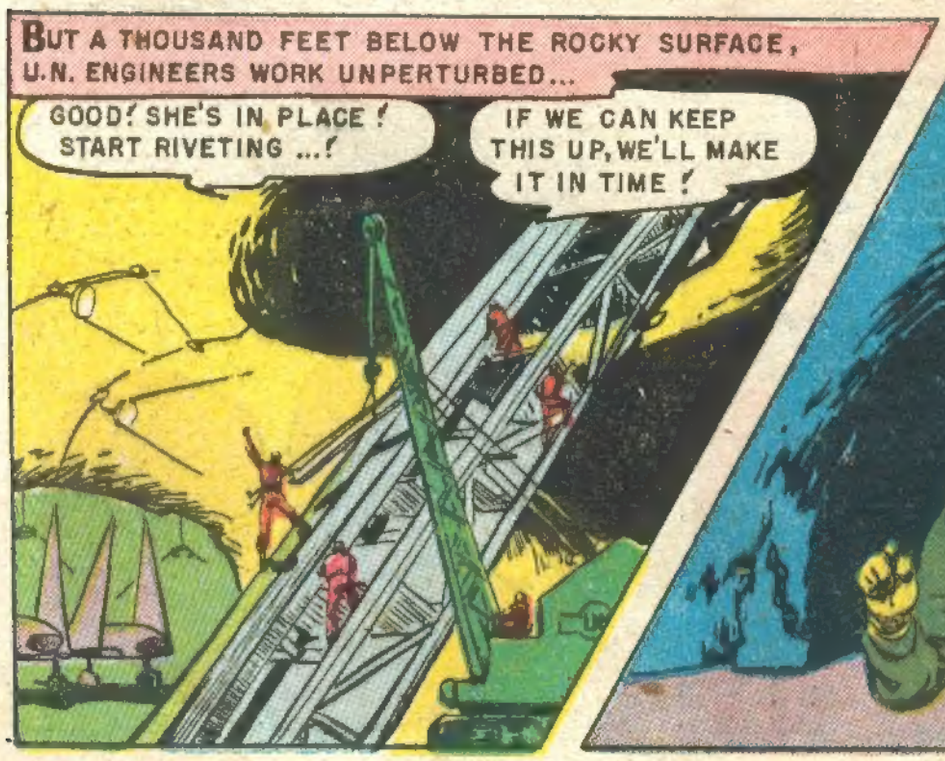
(HISTORY OF ATOMIC WARFARE OFFICIAL U.N. ARCHIVES)

COMMAND HEADQUARTERS ON INCHOR ISLAND OFF ENEMY TERRITORY, AUGUST 4, 1976...


AT THAT MOMENT AT ENEMY HEADQUARTERS ON THE MAIN-LAND...
THE GARRISON ON INCHOR AND THE LAUNCHING SITES MUST BE DESTROYED AT ALL COSTS!
WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS, GENERAL?

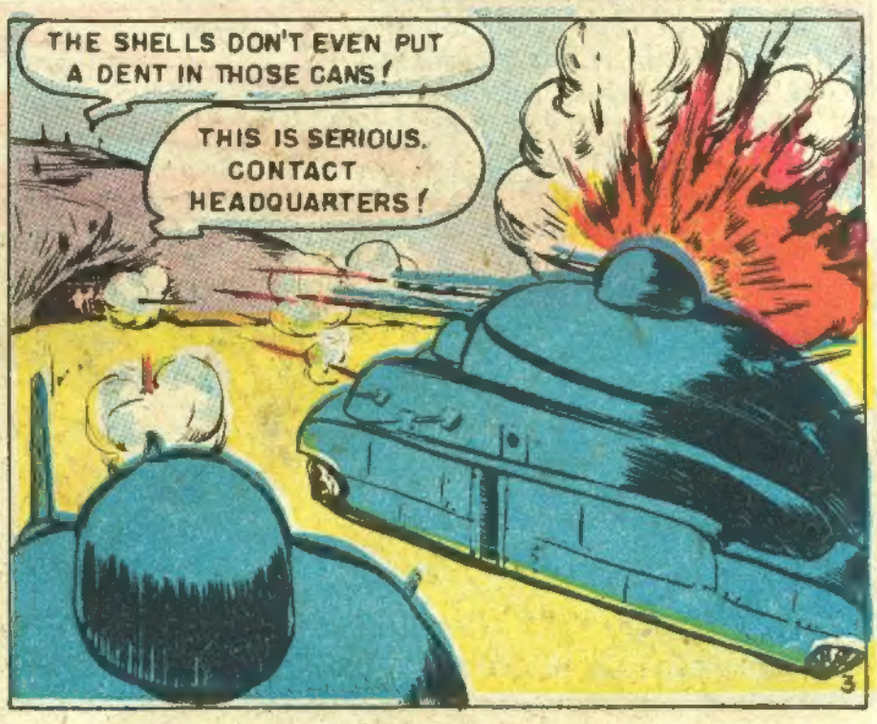
WE'LL TRY ATOMIC BOMBING. WHEN WE ARE DONE THE ISLAND WILL BE WIPED OUT OF EXISTENCE!

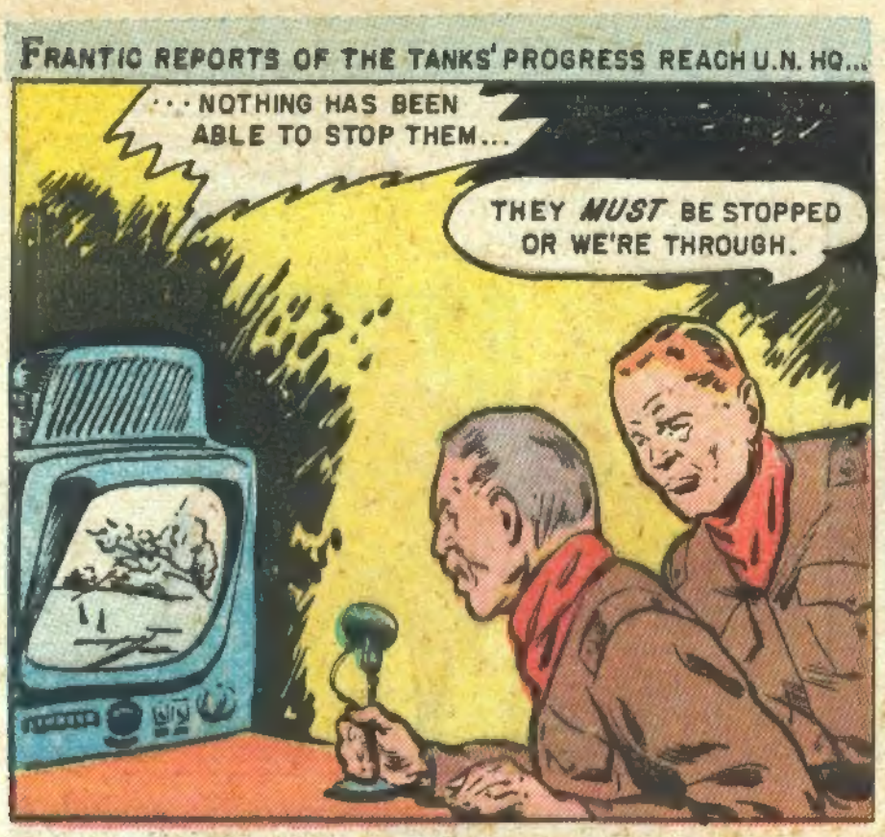

THAT NIGHT THE ISLAND EXPERIENCES THE AWFUL FURY OF AN ATOM BOMBING...
WHOOOOOOOM
RARRRRROOOOOO


BUT A THOUSAND FEET BELOW THE ROCKY SURFACE, U.N. ENGINEERS WORK UNPERTURBED...
GOOD! SHE'S IN PLACE! START RIVETING ...!
IF WE CAN KEEP THIS UP, WE'LL MAKE IT IN TIME!

WHEW! LOOK AT THAT!
ALL RIGHT, MEN, CHECK YOUR GEIGER COUNTERS AS YOU MOVE ALONG! WATCH YOUR STEP!

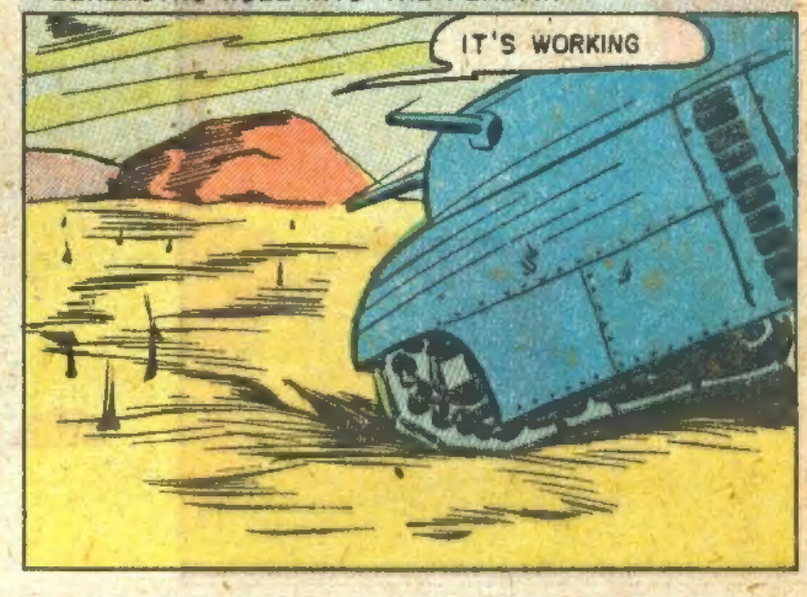
EIGHTEEN HOURS LATER AS DAWN SENDS THE FIRST RAYS OF LIGHT OVER INCHOR..

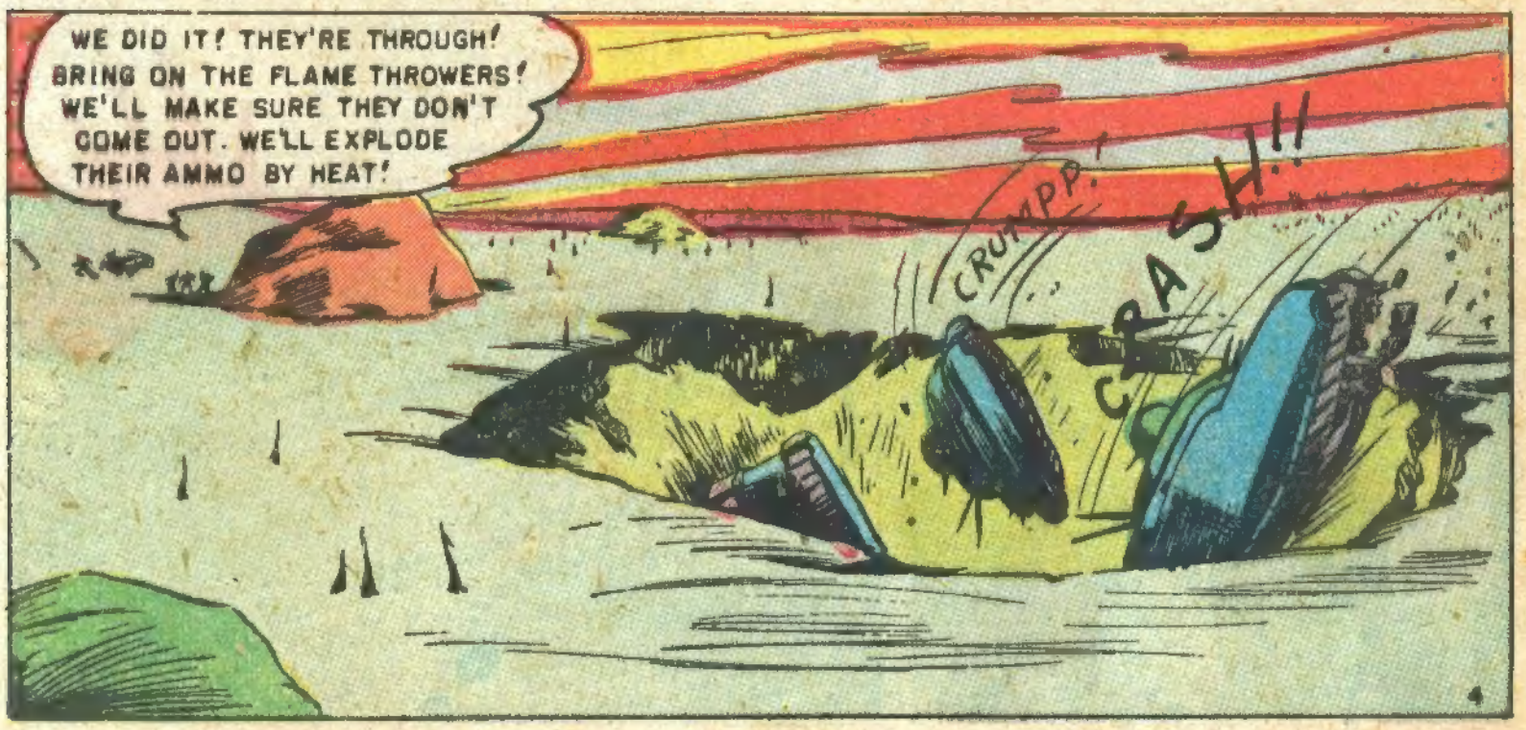



FRANTIC REPORTS OF THE TANKS' PROGRESS REACH U.N. HQ...
...NOTHING HAS BEEN ABLE TO STOP THEM...
THEY MUST BE STOPPED OR WE'RE THROUGH.

WE'VE GOT AT LEAST TEN HOURS BEFORE THEY GET HERE ... HM! I'VE GOT IT!...MAJOR, TAKE THESE ORDERS!

FOLLOWING THE COLONEL'S ORDERS, EVERY AVAILABLE MAN WORKS UNTIL DUSK. THEY FINISH THEIR TASK IN THE NICK OF TIME...
HERE THEY COME! DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY'LL SUSPECT?
I HOPE NOT!


AS THE MEN WATCH WITH BATED BREATH, THE BEHEMOTHS ROLL INTO THE PLAIN...
IT'S WORKING

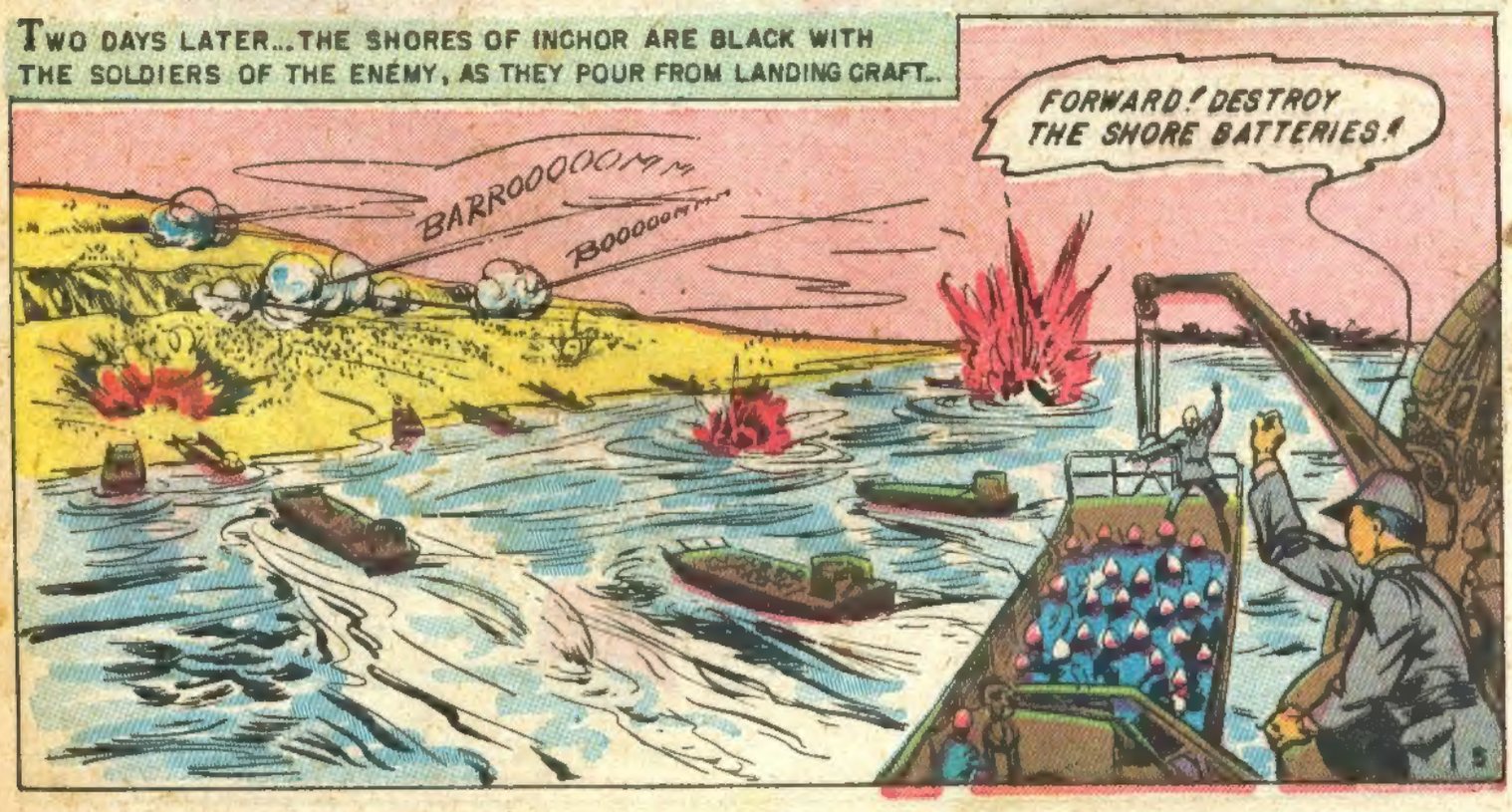

WE DID IT! THEY'RE THROUGH! BRING ON THE FLAME THROWERS! WE'LL MAKE SURE THEY DON'T COME OUT. WE'LL EXPLODE THEIR AMMO BY HEAT!
CRUMPP!
CRASH!!

SURROUNDING THE TRAPPED MONSTERS, THE U.N. TROOPS SPRAY THEM WITH SHEETS OF FLAME...
UGH! I'D HATE TO BE IN ONE OF THOSE.
ALL RIGHT, MEN. THAT DOES IT!

IT SURE DOES, COLONEL. WHATEVER GAVE YOU THE IDEA?
I USED TO HUNT BIG GAME IN AFRICA. THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST PRIMITIVE METHODS OF CATCHING BIG BEASTS.

FOILED IN THEIR SECOND ATTEMPT TO REACH THE LAUNCHING SIGHT, THE ENEMY GROWS DESPERATE...
WE HAVE RECEIVED REPORTS FROM INCHOR THAT OUR TANKS HAVE BEEN DESTROYED...
THEN WE'LL TRY SOMETHING THAT WILL SUCCEED! TIME GROWS SHORT!

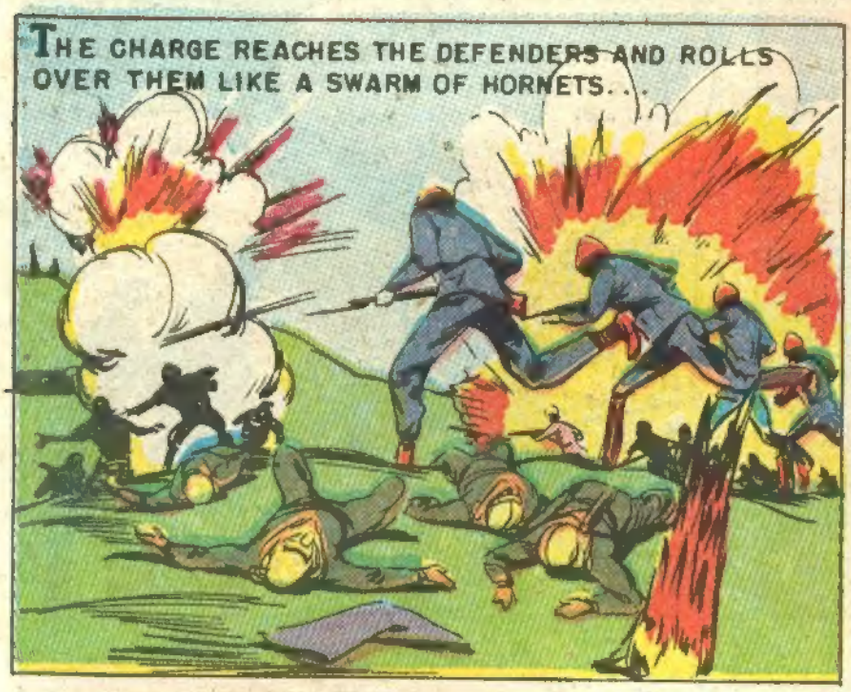
WE WILL USE MEN! WE WILL INVADE INCHOR AND FOR EVERY MAN THEY HAVE ON THAT ISLAND WE WILL SEND TWENTY!
YES, SIR!


TWO DAYS LATER...THE SHORES OF INCHOR ARE BLACK WITH THE SOLDIERS OF THE ENEMY, AS THEY POUR FROM LANDING CRAFT...
FORWARD! DESTROY THE SHORE BATTERIES!
BARROOOOOM
BOOOOOM

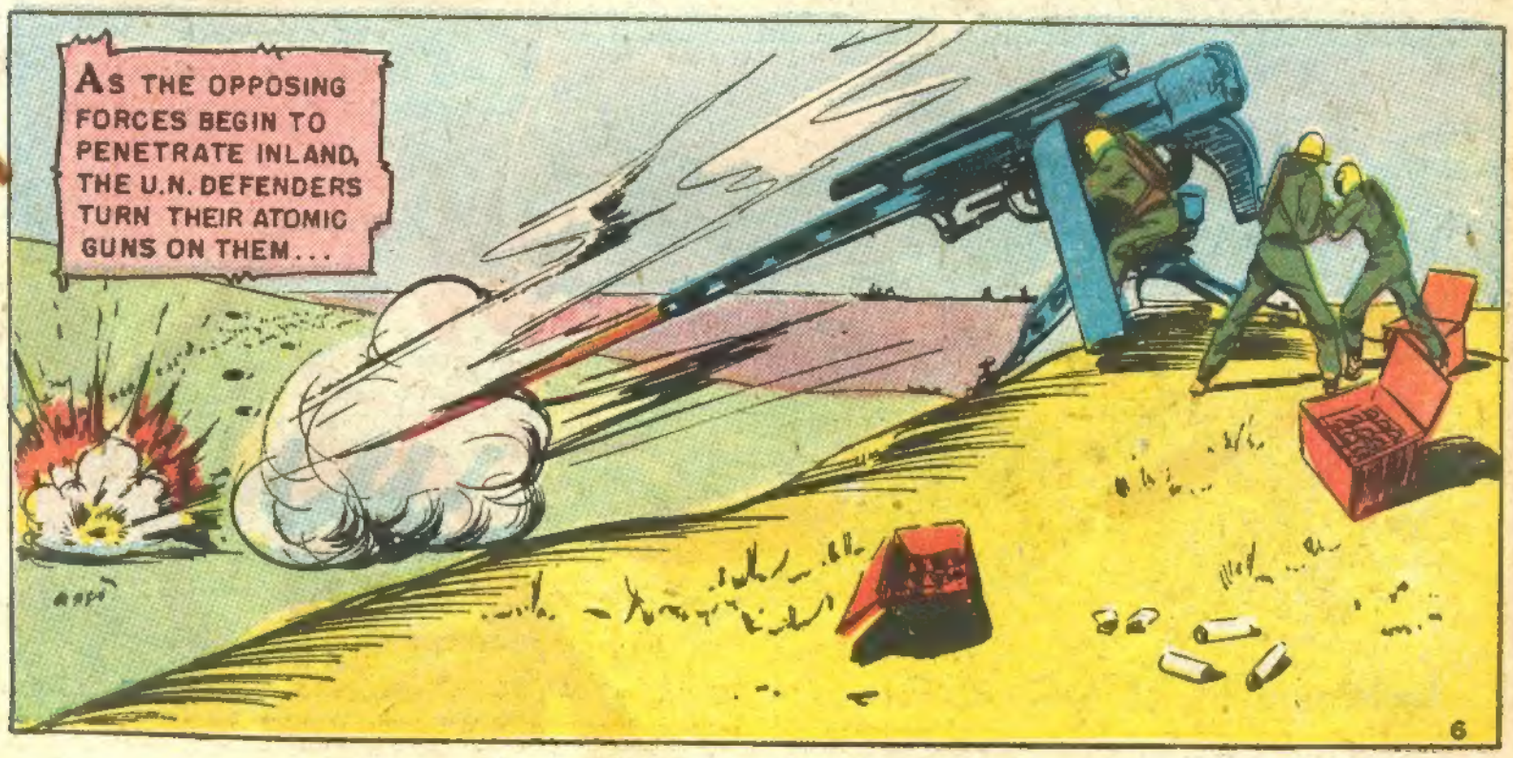
THE U.N. DEFENDERS DO THEIR BEST TO STOP THE INVADERS...

BUT NOTHING CAN STOP THEM AS THEY CHARGE THE BATTERIES IN SUICIDAL ATTACK...

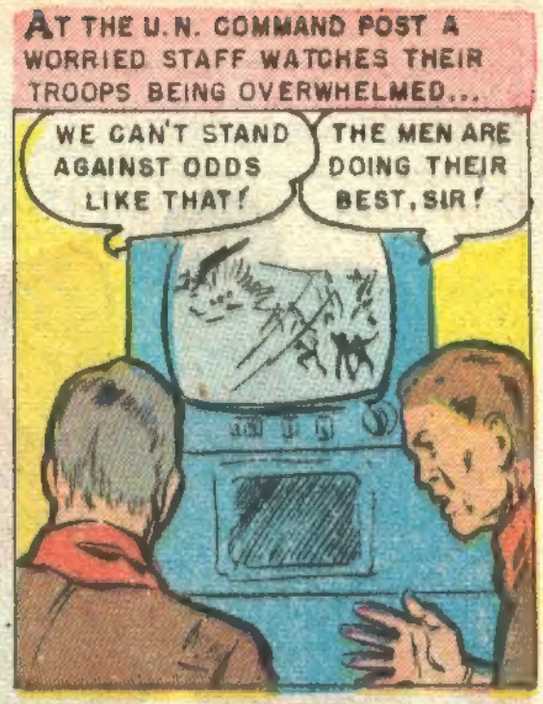
THE CHARGE REACHES THE DEFENDERS AND ROLLS OVER THEM LIKE A SWARM OF HORNETS...



A MOMENT LATER THE HEROIC DEFENDERS ARE WIPED OUT...



BUT IT DOESN'T HELP. THE ENEMY NUMBERS ARE OVERWHELMING...
LOOK OUT!
GET THE DIRTY RATS!... UHHH!
TO THE LAUNCHING SITES!


AT THE U.N. COMMAND POST A WORRIED STAFF WATCHES THEIR TROOPS BEING OVERWHELMED...
WE CAN'T STAND AGAINST ODDS LIKE THAT!
THE MEN ARE DOING THEIR BEST, SIR!

I KNOW THAT! BUT THE ENEMY IS ONLY FIFTEEN MILES FROM THE SITE... CONTACT THE GENERAL IMMEDIATELY!
YES, SIR!

QUICKLY THE COLONEL OUTLINES THE SITUATION TO THE GENERAL IN THE LAUNCHERS BELOW...
...I UNDERSTAND, COLONEL, BUT ALL WE NEED IS ONE MORE HOUR... JUST SIXTY MINUTES! CAN YOU GIVE THEM TO US?
WE'LL TRY, SIR!

ORDERED TO STAND AT ALL COSTS, THE HEROIC U.N. TROOPS REDOUBLE THEIR EFFORTS...
BACK, YE BLASTED MONKEYS!
AIEEEE! THEY FIGHT LIKE DEVILS!

THE ENEMY IS SLOWED DOWN, BUT STILL THEY DRIVE FORWARD—EVERY STEP BRINGING THEM CLOSER TO THE LAUNCHING SITE...
HAIEE! THEY FALL BACK! BLAST THEM!

AT THE U.N. COMMAND POST BLACK DESPAIR SETS IN...

IT LOOKS HOPELESS BUT WE'LL FIGHT TO THE LAST MAN IF NECESSARY... LISTEN! THE GENERAL!

COLONEL, WE ARE READY! THE LAUNCHERS ARE FINISHED!

WITHDRAW YOUR TROOPS, COLONEL. WE'LL TAKE OVER NOW!

YOU HEARD HIM! GIVE THE ORDERS!

THE ORDERS ARE TRANSMITTED AND THE LAUNCHERS SWEEP INTO ACTION RELEASING SWARMS OF DEADLY PILOTLESS PLANES...

ARRRRAAAGHH!

ZZZ OOOOOOMMMM

ZOOMING OVER THE TROOP CONCENTRATIONS, THE ROBOTS DESTROY THEM WITH EASE...

WHAROOOOOOOM

EEEYAHHHH!

AAAHIE

HAVING DESTROYED THE ATTACKING FORCE, THE MEN AT THE LAUNCHING SITE TURN THEIR ROBOT PLANES ON THE INVASION FLEET WITH DEADLY RESULTS...

BAROOOOOMN

WHARROOOOOM

CRASH

IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE END. THE U.N. DEFENDERS HAD FOUGHT A BITTER FIGHT FOR TIME AND WON...

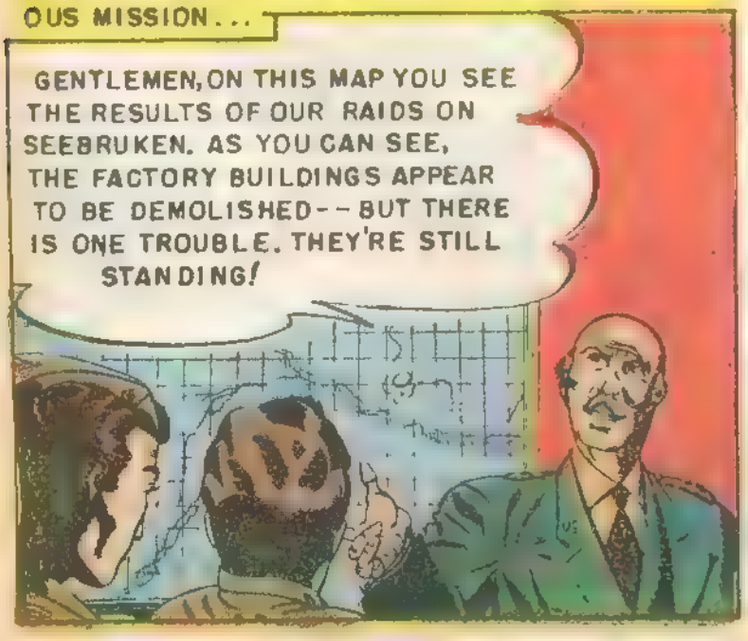
THE END

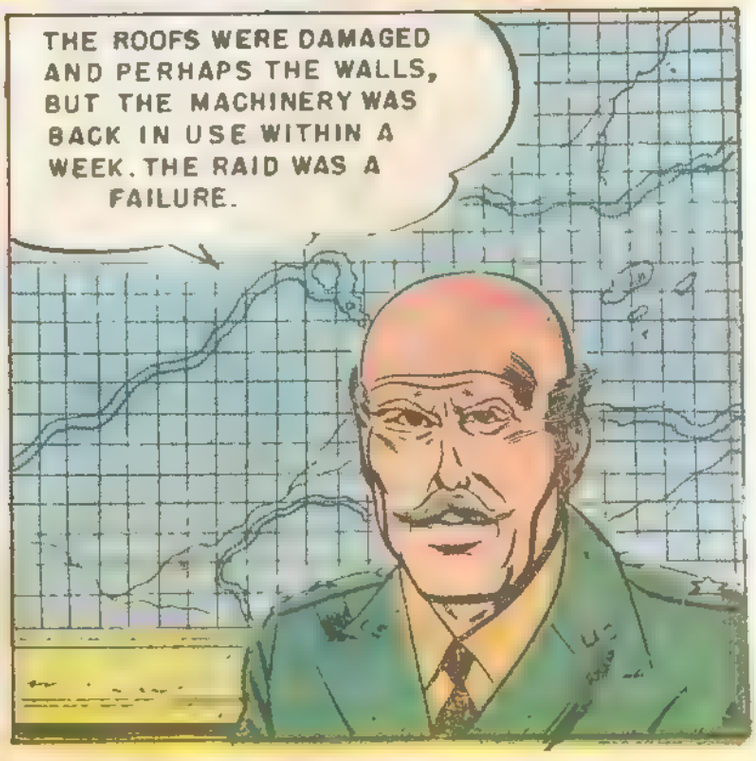
BURIED DEEP IN THE ARCHIVES OF THE ARMY FILES LIE SCORES OF STORIES MORE THRILLING THAN ANY FICTION STORIES, OF HEROIC MEN WHO WENT BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES TO ACCOMPLISH THE IMPOSSIBLE ---MEN WHO FEARED NOTHING AND DARED EVERYTHING. THIS IS THE STORY OF TWO OF THEM, TAKEN FROM FILES THAT UNTIL RECENTLY BORE THE LABEL. . . . . .

TOP SECRET

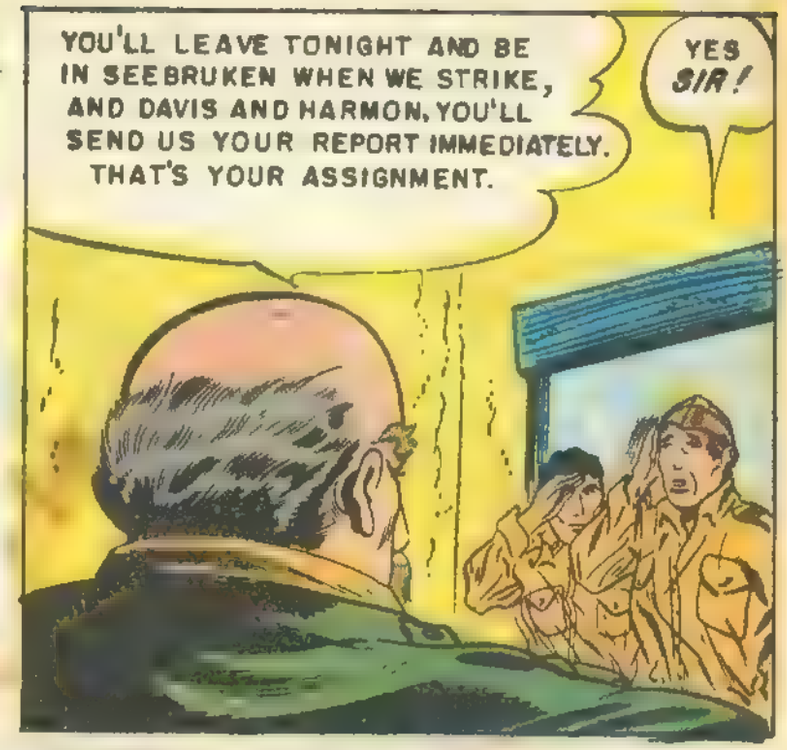
BARROOOOOM

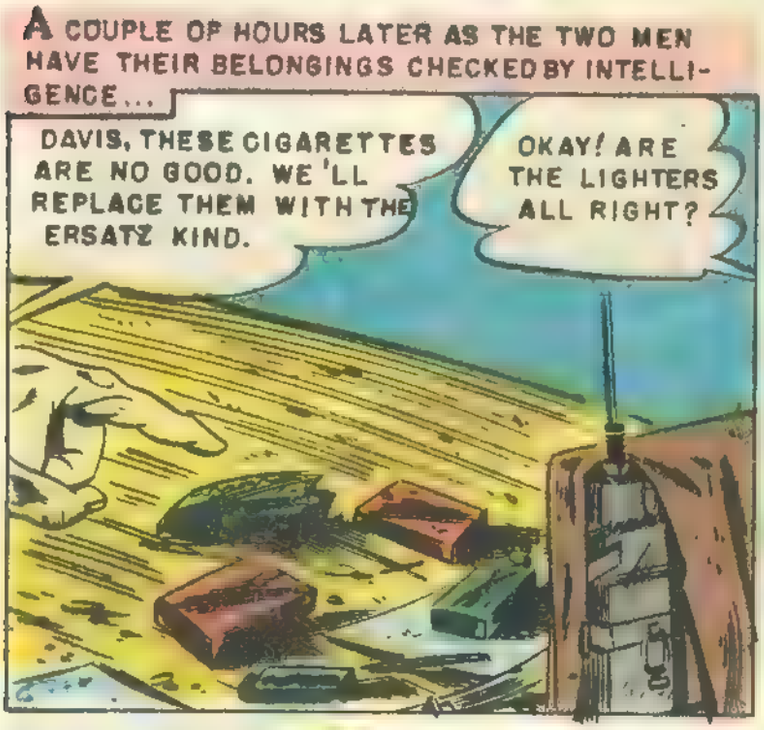
THE BRIEFING ROOM AT ARMY HEADQUARTERS DURING THE MONTHS BEFORE THE INVASION, AS TWO MEN ARE GIVEN THE DETAILS OF A DANGEROUS MISSION...





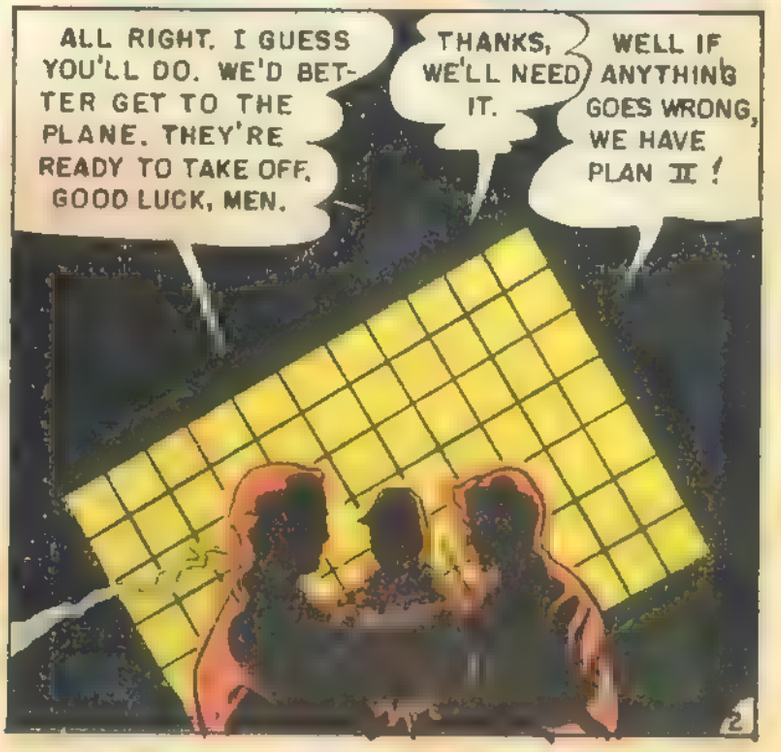
THE RAID WE ARE PLANNING TOMORROW MUST NOT FAIL! THE MACHINERY IN THESE FACTORIES *MUST* BE DESTROYED AND WE'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE OF IT. YOU MEN ARE GOING TO BE OUR EYES.


YOU'LL LEAVE TONIGHT AND BE IN SEEBRUKEN WHEN WE STRIKE, AND DAVIS AND HARMON, YOU'LL SEND US YOUR REPORT IMMEDIATELY. THAT'S YOUR ASSIGNMENT.
YES *SIR!*

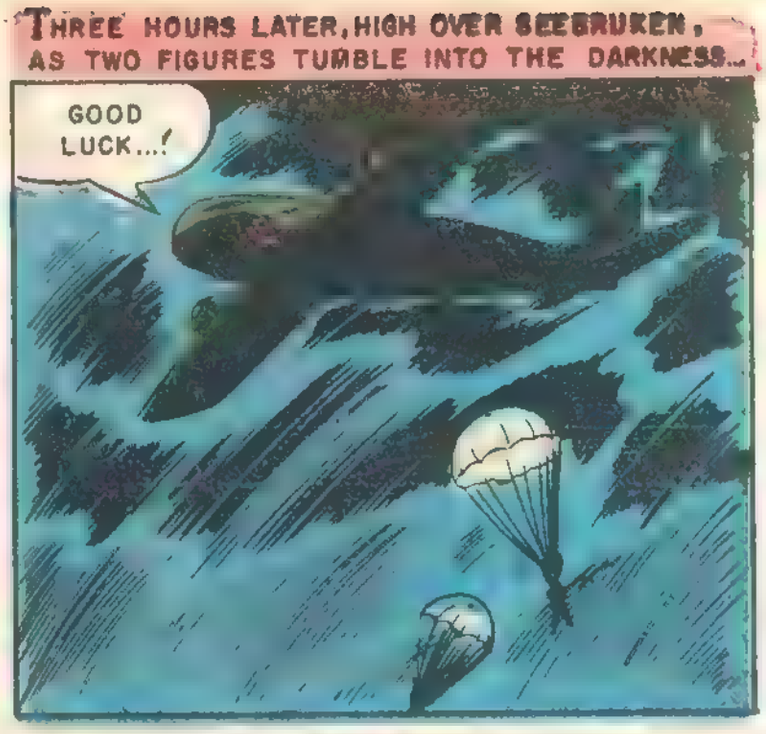

A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER AS THE TWO MEN HAVE THEIR BELONGINGS CHECKED BY INTELLIGENCE...
DAVIS, THESE CIGARETTES ARE NO GOOD. WE'LL REPLACE THEM WITH THE ERSATZ KIND.
OKAY! ARE THE LIGHTERS ALL RIGHT?

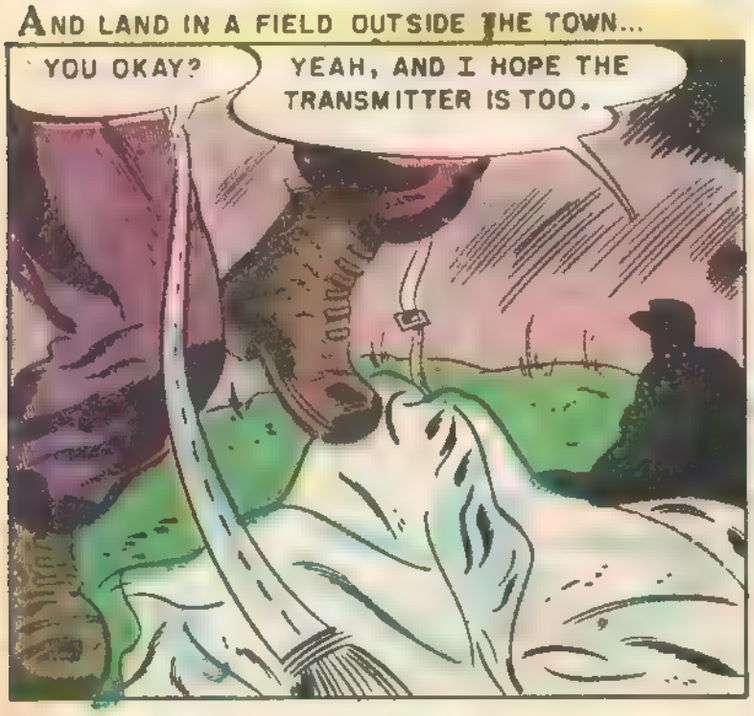
HERR SCHMIDT, WHY ARE YOU NOT IN THE ARMY?
HERE ARE MY DISCHARGE PAPERS. I GOT LUNG TROUBLE IN POLAND!

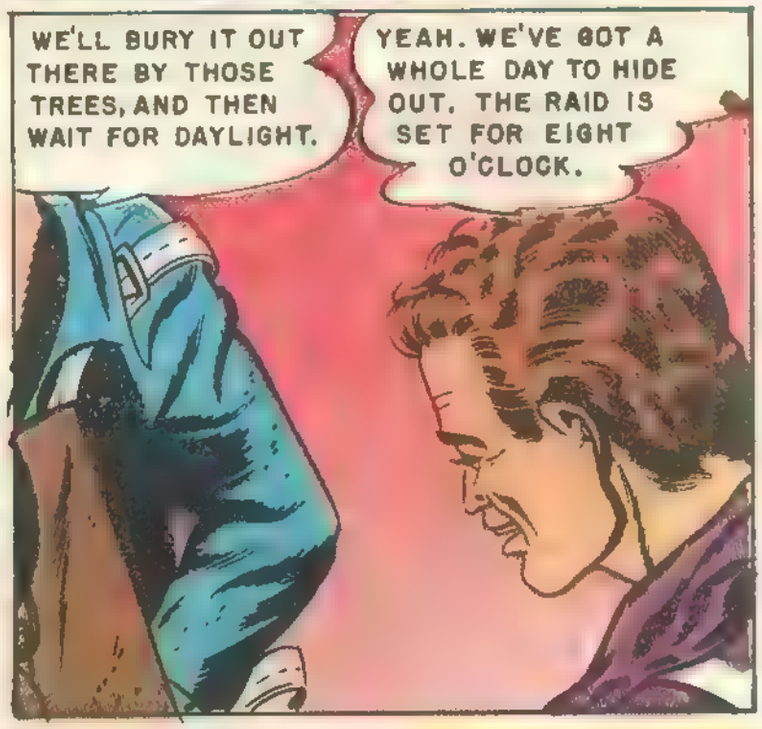
WHERE ARE YOU FROM?
I JUST GOT BACK FROM AUSTRIA. I WORKED IN THE LABOR BATTALION.


ALL RIGHT. I GUESS YOU'LL DO. WE'D BETTER GET TO THE PLANE. THEY'RE READY TO TAKE OFF. GOOD LUCK, MEN.
THANKS, WE'LL NEED IT.
WELL IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG, WE HAVE PLAN II!

YEAH, WE ALSO HAVE PLAN III, TO GET BACK IN ONE PIECE.
YOU WILL. SEE YOU IN A FEW DAYS... JUST REMEMBER EVERYTHING YOU WERE BRIEFED ON.


THREE HOURS LATER, HIGH OVER SEEBRUKEN, AS TWO FIGURES TUMBLE INTO THE DARKNESS...
GOOD LUCK...!


AND LAND IN A FIELD OUTSIDE THE TOWN...
YOU OKAY?
YEAH, AND I HOPE THE TRANSMITTER IS TOO.

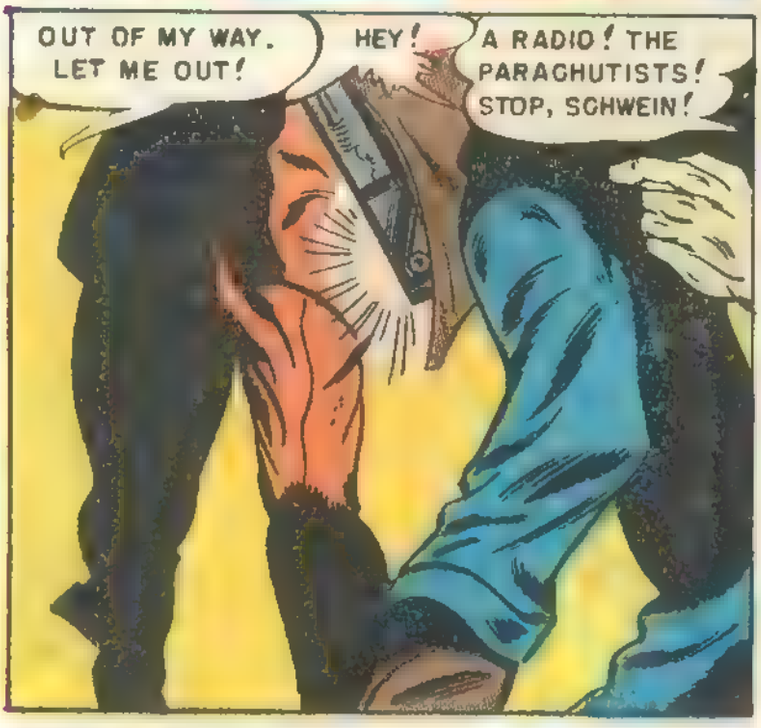

WE'LL BURY IT OUT THERE BY THOSE TREES, AND THEN WAIT FOR DAYLIGHT.
YEAH. WE'VE GOT A WHOLE DAY TO HIDE OUT. THE RAID IS SET FOR EIGHT O'CLOCK.

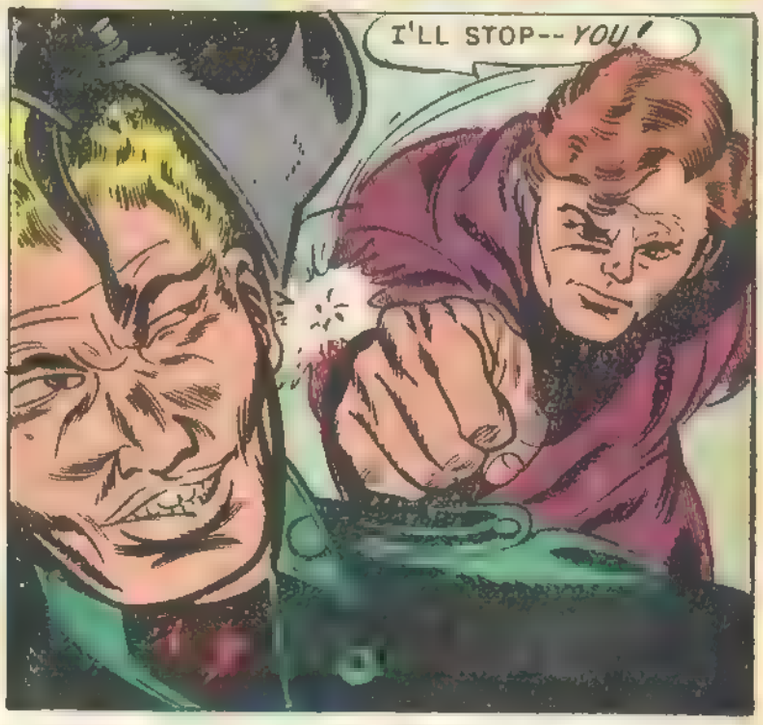
THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON THEY MAKE THEIR WAY INTO TOWN AND DECIDE TO WAIT IT OUT IN A BEER STUBE...
DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE EXCITEMENT LAST NIGHT? TWO PARACHUTISTS LANDED NEAR HERE.
PARACHUTISTS? DID YOU CATCH THEM?

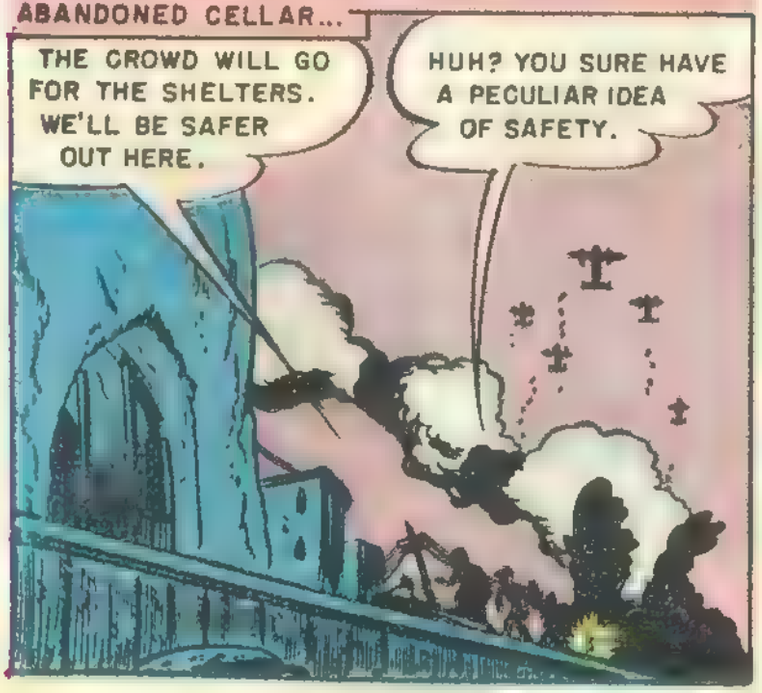
NO, BUT WE WILL. WE FOUND THEIR CHUTES, WE CAN TELL FROM THEIR STRAPS HOW TALL THEY WERE. HAVE ANOTHER BEER...!

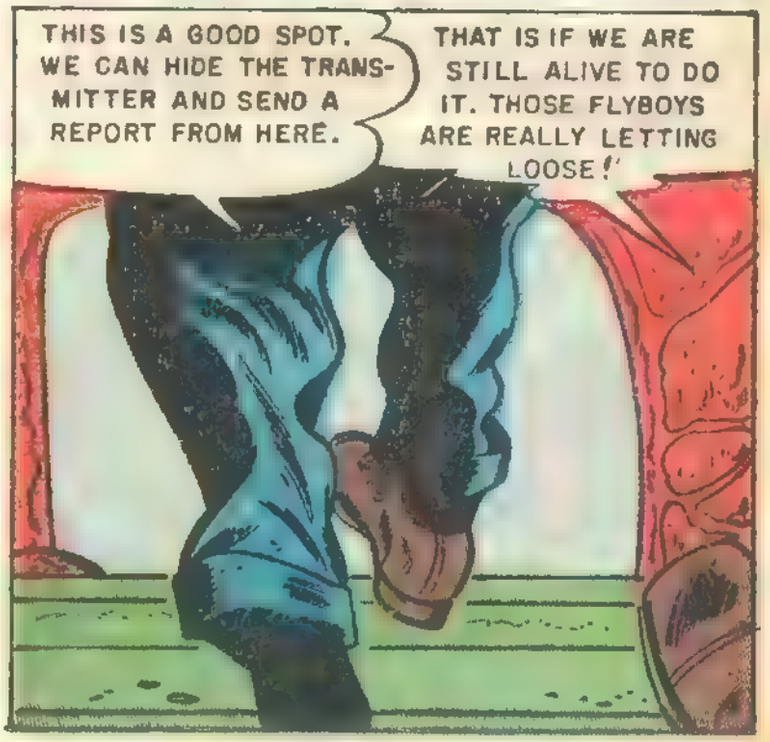
MUCH LATER...
WELL, WE HAVE TO GO. IT IS NEARLY EIGHT O'CLOCK AND WE MUST MAKE A TRAIN.
SURE. GOOD-BYE, SEE YOU AROUND SOMETIME.

SUDDENLY THE AIR IS SPLIT WITH THE SHRILL SCREAM OF THE AIR RAID SIRENS...
A RAID! LET'S GET TO A SHELTER!
EVERYBODY OUT! THEY'RE ALMOST HERE!


OUT OF MY WAY. LET ME OUT!
HEY!
A RADIO! THE PARACHUTISTS! STOP, SCHWEIN!


I'LL STOP--YOU!


ESCAPING TO THE STREET, THEY HEAD FOR AN ABANDONED CELLAR...
THE CROWD WILL GO FOR THE SHELTERS. WE'LL BE SAFER OUT HERE.
HUH? YOU SURE HAVE A PECULIAR IDEA OF SAFETY.


THIS IS A GOOD SPOT. WE CAN HIDE THE TRANSMITTER AND SEND A REPORT FROM HERE.
THAT IS IF WE ARE STILL ALIVE TO DO IT. THOSE FLYBOYS ARE REALLY LETTING LOOSE!

THE RAID FINALLY ENDS WITH DEVASTATION EVERYWHERE. DAVIS AND HARMON MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE FACTORY TARGET...

LOOKS LIKE THE BOYS DID A GOOD JOB THIS TIME.

WE BETTER GO HELP FIGHT THE FIRE AND REALLY FIND OUT. REMEMBER IT LOOKED PRETTY BAD THE LAST TIME.

WHAT CAN WE DO TO HELP?

NOT MUCH. THERE'S NOTHING LEFT WORTH SAVING.

TOO BAD THIS WAS ONE OF OUR MOST IMPORTANT PLANE FACTORIES.

COME ON, LET'S GET BACK AND SEND IN OUR REPORT. I'LL FEEL BETTER WHEN WE MOVE OUT OF HERE.

ME TOO.

BUT IN THE CELLAR THEY MAKE A SAD DISCOVERY...

IT'S NO GOOD. TWO TUBES ARE CRACKED. WE CAN'T MAKE IT WORK!

IT LOOKS LIKE PLAN II. WE STILL HAVE FOUR HOURS. LET'S GET SOME REST.

SHORTLY BEFORE MIDNIGHT A TENSE GROUP LISTENS TO THE RADIO STATION BROADCASTING FROM SEEBRUKEN...

LET'S HOPE THEY MAKE PLAN II WORK. WE MUST KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE FACTORY.

IF THE STATION GOES OFF THE AIR AT MIDNIGHT WE'LL KNOW THE MISSION WAS A SUCCESS...: JUST FOUR MINUTES MORE.

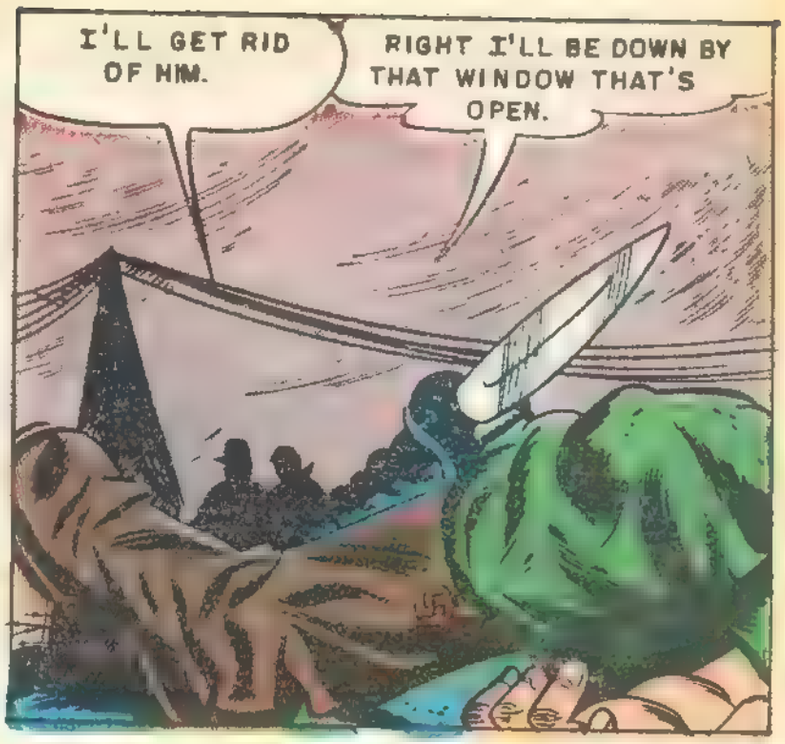
AND IN SEEBRUKEN, DAVIS AND HARMON APPROACH THE SENTRY OUTSIDE THE RADIO TRANSMITTER STATION...

HALT, IT IS FORBIDDEN FOR CIVILIANS TO COME CLOSER!

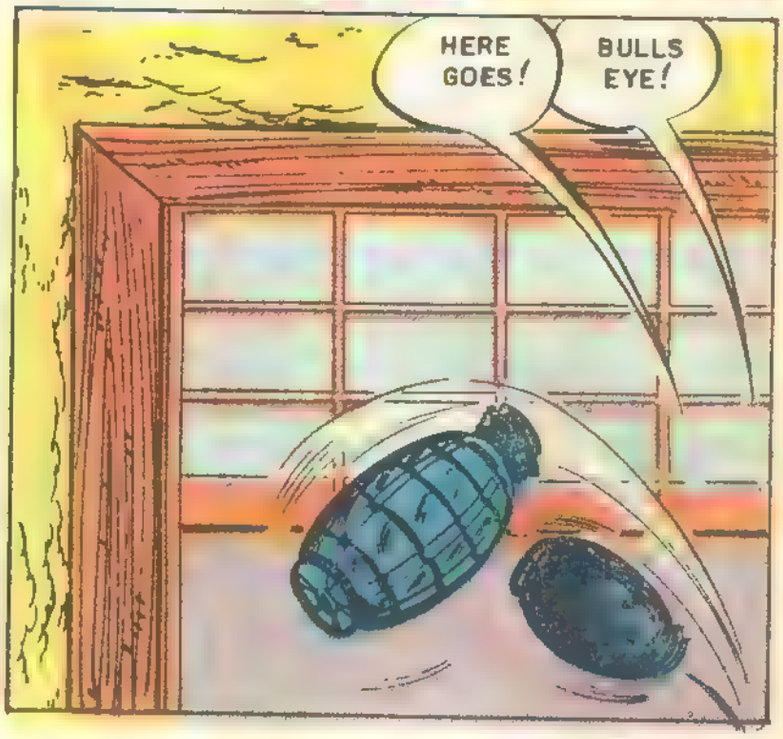
WE JUST WISH TO KNOW THE WAY TO THE RAILROAD STATION

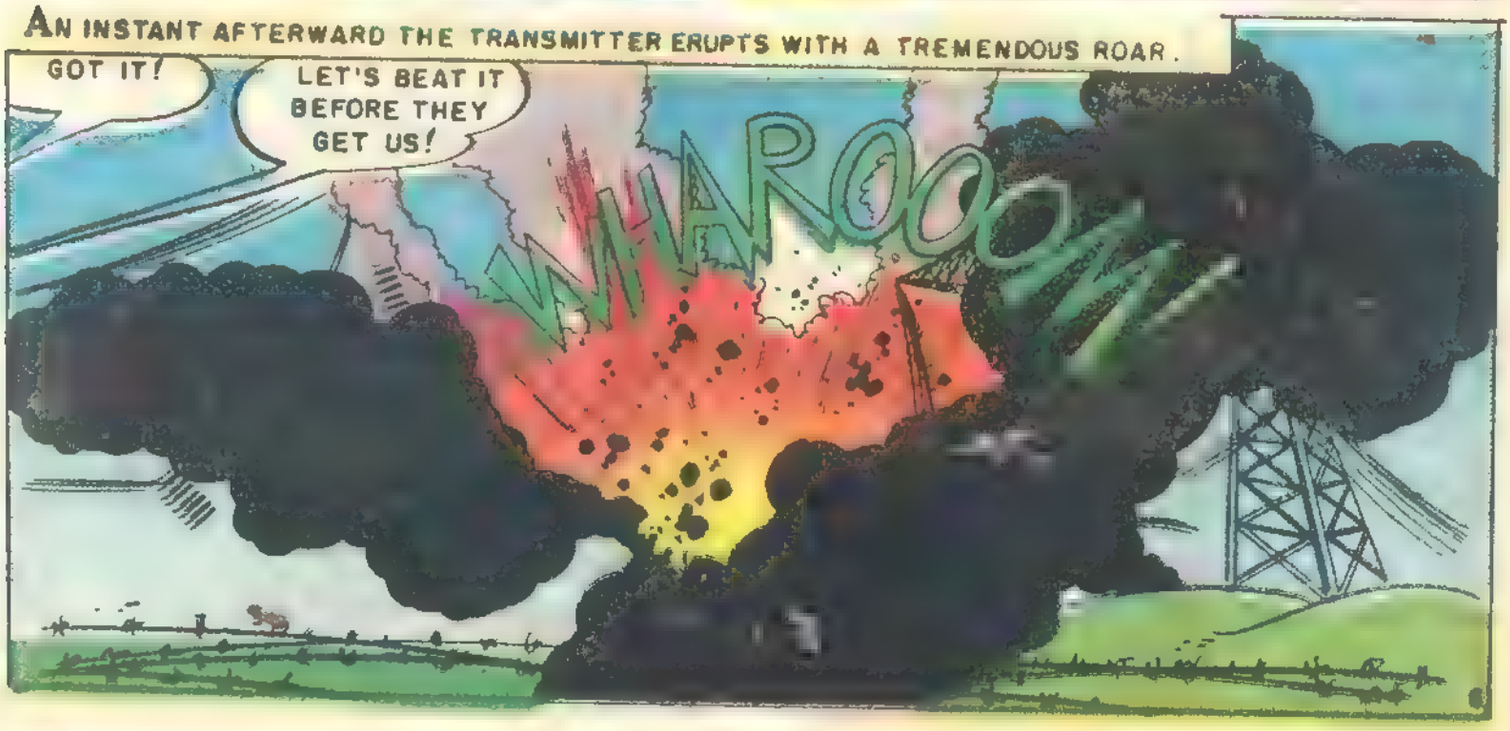
Verbate

OH, YOU HAVE COME THE WRONG WAY. IT IS...UNHH!
NO, WE HAVEN'T, MEIN HERR!


I'LL GET RID OF HIM.
RIGHT I'LL BE DOWN BY THAT WINDOW THAT'S OPEN.

SECONDS LATER...
HOW'S YOUR ARM?
GOOD ENOUGH TO LOB A GRENADE THROUGH THERE GIVE ME ONE!


HERE GOES!
BULLS EYE!


AN INSTANT AFTERWARD THE TRANSMITTER ERUPTS WITH A TREMENDOUS ROAR.
GOT IT!
LET'S BEAT IT BEFORE THEY GET US!
WHAROOO

BACK AT HEADQUARTERS THE TENSE GROUP STARES AT THE RADIO AS THE CLOCK MOVES TO MIDNIGHT... SUDDENLY...

IT WENT OFF! THEY DID IT!

THE RAID WAS A SUCCESS!

GET ME AIRFORCE HEADQUARTERS. HURRY!

NOW ALL HARMON AND DAVIS HAVE TO DO IS GET BACK..

BUT ALREADY THE TWO ARE ON THE FIRST LEG OF THEIR JOURNEY BACK.

LOOK AT THAT. NOW WE TRAVEL AS MACHINERY.

IN! QUICK! YOU WILL BE IN FRANCE IN TWELVE HOURS. YOU KNOW WHO TO CONTACT THERE.

IN FRANCE THEY ARE TAKEN TO THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND...

I HAVE ARRANGED FOR YOU TO BE TAKEN ACROSS THE CHANNEL TONIGHT. THERE WILL BE A BOAT WAITING AT LINNEVILLE.

WE'RE READY. LOOKS LIKE IT'S JOIN THE ARMY AND SEE THE WORLD.

AND, THE NEXT DAY...

WELCOME HOME, MEN, AND CONGRATULATIONS ON A JOB WELL DONE.

HOW...HOW DID YOU KNOW WE WERE COMING?

NEVER MIND. WHEN DO WE GET A LEAVE? I COULD USE SOME RECREATION.

IN ANSWER TO THE FIRST, THE UNDERGROUND CONTACTED US. IN ANSWER TO THE SECOND, I'M AFRAID IT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION. YOU FELLOWS WERE SO GOOD, THAT THE GENERAL HAS ANOTHER JOB FOR YOU.

OHHH! I WANT A TRANSFER TO THE INFANTRY.

YEAH. AT LEAST YOU GET SOME REST THERE!

THE END

MEDAL OF HONOR

FROM all sides came the deadly ratatatatat of German machine guns pinning down the American attackers. With every passing moment their casualties were mounting. The men did their best to hide among the trees and thick shrubbery; but they got little protection from the hail of lead that came at them from all directions.

These were the men of the 308th Regiment and they had been cut off from the rest of the American Army. Trapped in a small valley deep in the forests of Northern France, they had little hope of breaking out. It looked like the Germans would wipe them out unless help was forthcoming, and forthcoming soon. The men were beginning to reach the end of their endurance and it was only a matter of time before they had to give up.

Their worried Captain rubbed his stubble chin thoughtfully and came to a decision. "Sergeant Early!" He barked.

From beneath a nearby shrub an anxious face peered out and answered the Captain. "Yes, sir!"

"Sergeant, if we stick around here, we're done for. We're in a mighty tough spot. I want you to take a patrol and see if you can find a way out. If we don't move quick we'll be wiped out. Get going, there isn't a minute to lose!"

Sergeant Early crawled out from under the sheltering bush and looked around. Quickly he called out the names of the men he wanted to go with him. Then, as he was about to leave, he turned and beckoned to a redheaded Corporal lying behind a nearby tree. "You better come too, Al," he said. We can always use a good rifle on a job like this."

Al grinned up at the sergeant and got to his feet. A moment later the tiny patrol was picking its way noiselessly through the woods. They knew that the slightest noise would bring the German's fire directly on them. One slip, and death would be on them all.

Like Indians stalking deer they slipped behind the German gun emplacement. Suddenly the sergeant froze and held up his hand. Then he pointed ahead. "Do you see what I see?" he whispered. "Right there just across the brook!"

The men stared, their jaws tightening. There, before a small shack stood some German soldiers talking to their officers. Early waved his hand. "We've got to surprise them. If they get the drop on us we're dead ducks. Spread out and when I give the signal come in shooting!"

Silently the Americans spread out and took their positions. Scarcely daring to breathe, they waited for Early's signal. After what seemed an interminable time it came. As one man they dashed toward the banks of the brook.

They splashed through the chill water towards the Germans, and caught them completely by surprise. The Americans had the advantage of surprise and within a few minutes the fifteen men of the patrol had captured thirty-three German soldiers and officers!

Working rapidly and silently, the Americans lined their prisoners up and disarmed them. Then, as they were about to march them off, a withering barrage of bullets came at them from every side.

Stunned at the suddenness of the attack, the Americans dropped to their stomachs to escape the terrible crossfire. But it was too late. Six of the tiny patrol fell dead and three more were wounded.

One of the three was Sergeant Early. In agony he called the redheaded Corporal to his side. Writhing with pain he gasped out his instructions. "Al, he whispered, "you're in command now."

PERHAPS Early didn't know it, but he had chosen the best possible man for the job. Al had been brought up in the mountains of Tennessee, where every man learns to handle a rifle as soon as he is old enough to walk. Al knew the ways of the forest, and he had been the best shot in his county back home. He could tell by just listening the difference between a movement of an animal and a man's lightest footstep. He knew too, at that moment, how desperate was the situation the five Americans left and himself.

Certain that rescue was at hand, the German prisoners stared defiantly at their captors. Al knew that at the slightest relaxation of their

vigilance the Germans would pounce on them and kill them.

He made his decision and turned to his men. "Watch these Krauts. I'll take on any attack by myself! Just leave the shooting to me!"

The men stared at him as if he had gone crazy. Did he think he could take on the German Army all by himself? But they didn't know Al. The six-foot redhead from the mountains of Tennessee intended to do exactly that.

With iron courage and steel determination he took a post behind a nearby tree and waited. He knew that the least movement would bring a hail of machine gun bullets streaming at him with deadly precision. But still he held his ground. Whenever a moving shape came into his gun sights he fired.

Though an ordinary man might have quailed at the task that was before Al, the Corporal never faltered. His keen eyes roved the area before him spotting German after German as they moved through the trees. Lik an automaton he aimed and fired, aimed and fired, hardly pausing between shots. Twenty-five bullets he sent speeding from the barrel of his rifle and twenty-four Germans dropped.

In the German ranks fear began to spread. What kind of rifleman was this who could kill almost every time he squeezed the trigger. Determined to get him before he wiped them out the Germans sent an eight-man patrol to charge his position.

Dashing out of a hilltop hiding place, the Germans charged down the hill. Al watched and waited until the lead man was sixty feet away. Then with cool precision he began to fire. Down went the officer. The others still came on. Again he squeezed the trigger, then again, and again, and still again. Eight times he fired and eight Germans lay dead. The charge was stopped.

There was a sudden silence as Al stopped shooting. It was deathly quiet. From their hiding places all around them the frightened Germans stared out at the deadly toll taken by the mountaineer's rifle. Then there came a sudden shout.

From behind the German lines stepped a German Major waving his arms in surrender. "Stop firing," he shouted. "Stop firing and we will surrender!"

As he stopped talking German soldiers poured from behind every rock, tree and shrub, their hands held high above their heads.

"Kamerad! Kamerad!" they shouted. "We surrender!"

The embattled Americans stared in disbelief. They couldn't believe their ears. Then they got to their feet and began to disarm the Germans. When they had finished they had ninety-two prisoners.

The five men of the patrol were elated, but Al still was worried. "We're still in German territory," he said. "There are Krauts everywhere. We won't be safe till we get out of here with our prisoners."

He thought a moment and then ordered the Germans to march directly ahead of him, his deadly rifle pointed at their backs. Then he gave the orders to move.

They hadn't gone far before they stumbled on a nest of German machine gunners. Astounded at the sight of the ninety-two prisoners they believed a whole American regiment must be behind them. Afraid to fire for fear they would kill their own men, they surrendered and joined the procession.

Again they came to a machine gun nest and again the Germans, believing themselves greatly outnumbered, surrendered.

By the time Al and his five men reached the American lines they had one hundred and thirty prisoners and had put thirty-five German machine guns out of action!

The American commander stared in amazement as he saw the prisoners pour in. He shook his head. "What is this?" he gasped, "do you mean to tell me that you six men captured all these men?"

"No," they replied, "just one man did it. The Corporal here. He's a regular one-man army!"

Al was promoted to Sergeant on the spot and a few weeks later he stood before the Commanding General who pinned to his blouse the highest award his country could offer for bravery beyond the call of duty.

"It is a proud moment indeed," he said, "to award the Congressional Medal of Honor to a man who deserves even more. My heartiest congratulations, Sergeant Alvin York!"

SOMETIMES THINGS GET TOO MUCH FOR A MAN AND HIS NERVE SNAPS. ONCE HE HAS TURNED TAIL AND RUN, CAN HE EVER GET THAT NERVE BACK? IT HAPPENED TO CAPTAIN PETE TRAYNOR, U.S.A.F., WHO HAD TO PROVE TO HIMSELF THAT HE WASN'T...

YELLOW

RAT TAT TAT TAT TAT TAT

VIC CARRABOTTA

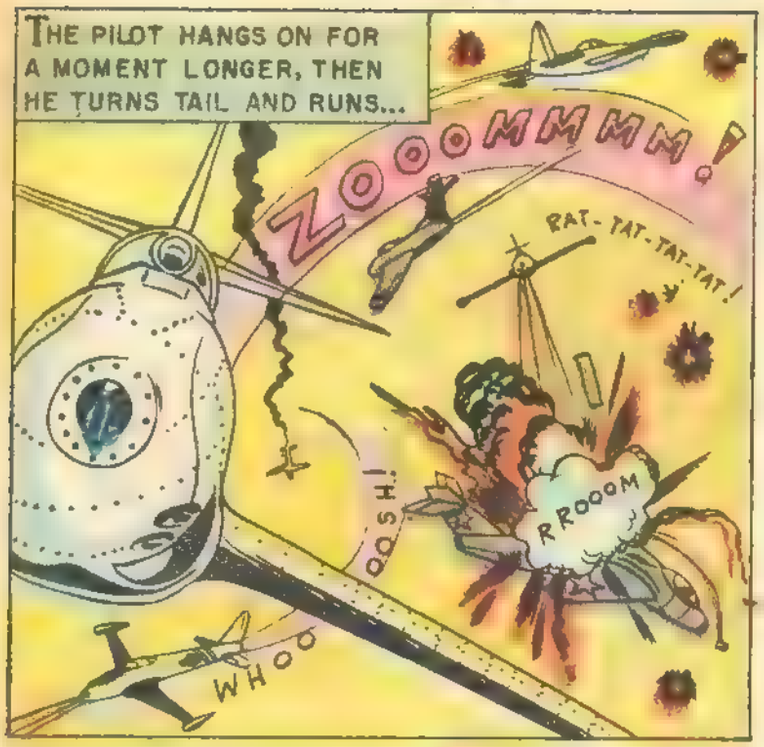
HIGH IN THE FREEZING AIR OVER KOREA AS A U.S. FIGHTER SQUADRON CONTACTS A GROUP OF RUSSIAN MIGS...

BANDITS! BANDITS! HIGH, AT TWO O'CLOCK!

AND IN ONE OF THE JETS ANOTHER CONFLICT IS TAKING PLACE -- THIS ONE IS MENTAL...

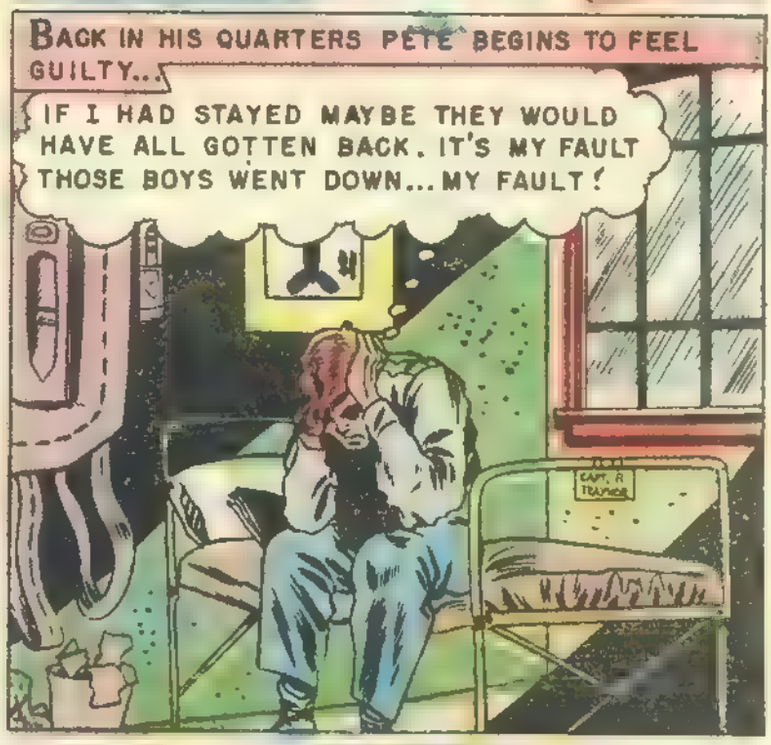
LOOK AT 'EM COME IN! THEY'RE COMING STRAIGHT AT ME! I CAN'T STAND IT!... I'VE GOT TO PULL OUT!

F-80

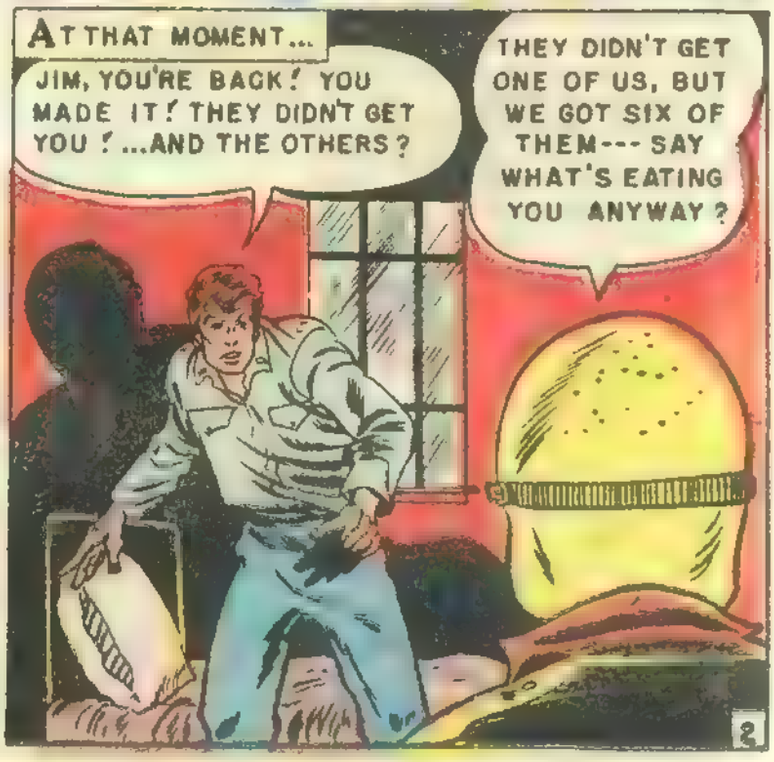

THE PILOT HANGS ON FOR A MOMENT LONGER, THEN HE TURNS TAIL AND RUNS...
ZOOOMMMM!
RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!
RROOOM
OOSH!
WHOO

AN HOUR LATER AT A U.S. LANDING FIELD...
HI YA, CAPTAIN, TRAYNOR. WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?
THEY'LL BE ALONG-- WHAT'S LEFT OF THEM...

SOUNDS LIKE THEY HAD A ROUGH TIME. LOOKS LIKE YOU CAME OFF LUCKY, PETE!
AW, LET ME ALONE. I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT.

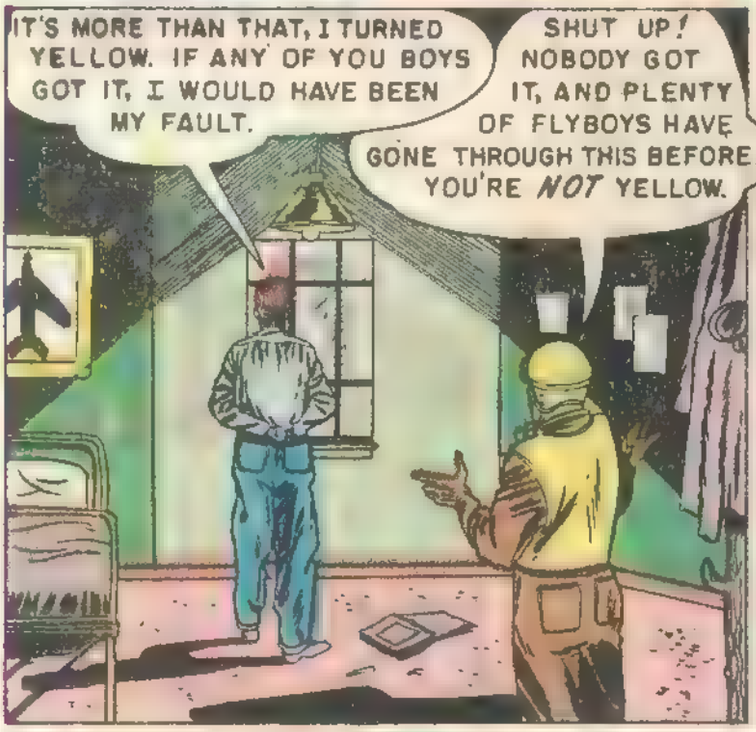

BACK IN HIS QUARTERS PETE BEGINS TO FEEL GUILTY...
IF I HAD STAYED MAYBE THEY WOULD HAVE ALL GOTTEN BACK. IT'S MY FAULT THOSE BOYS WENT DOWN... MY FAULT!

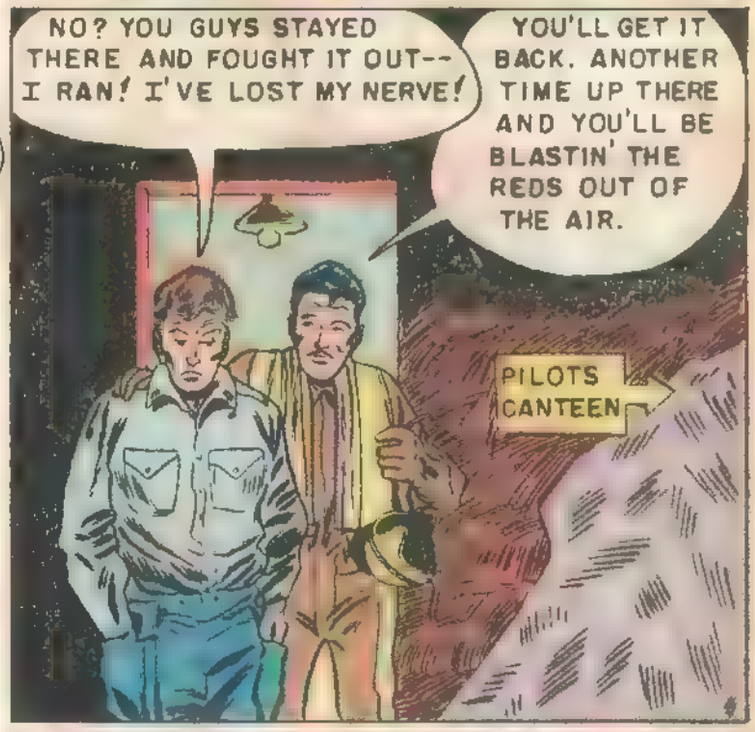
I'M YELLOW! THAT'S WHAT I AM! PLAIN YELLOW!

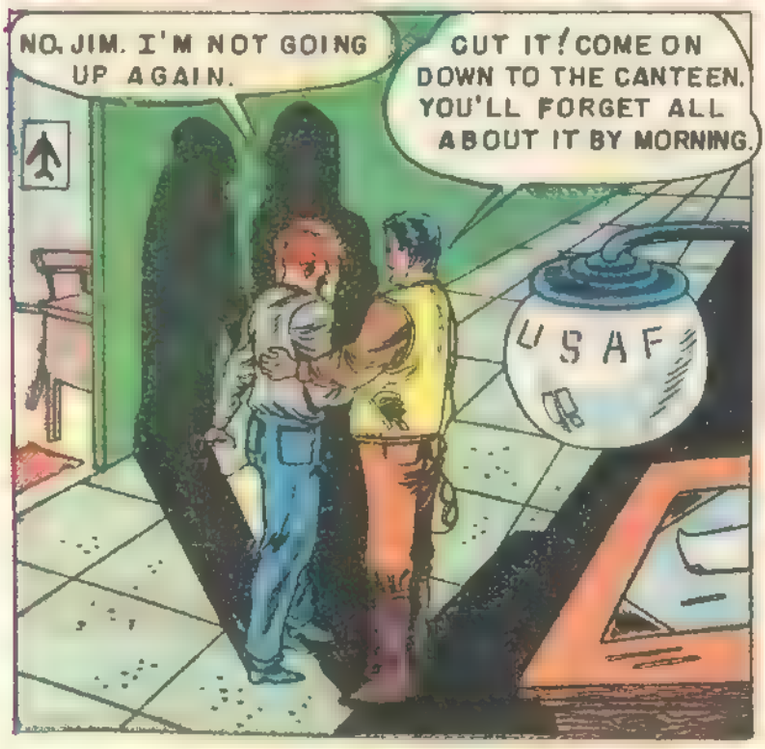

AT THAT MOMENT...
JIM, YOU'RE BACK! YOU MADE IT! THEY DIDN'T GET YOU! ...AND THE OTHERS?
THEY DIDN'T GET ONE OF US, BUT WE GOT SIX OF THEM--- SAY WHAT'S EATING YOU ANYWAY?

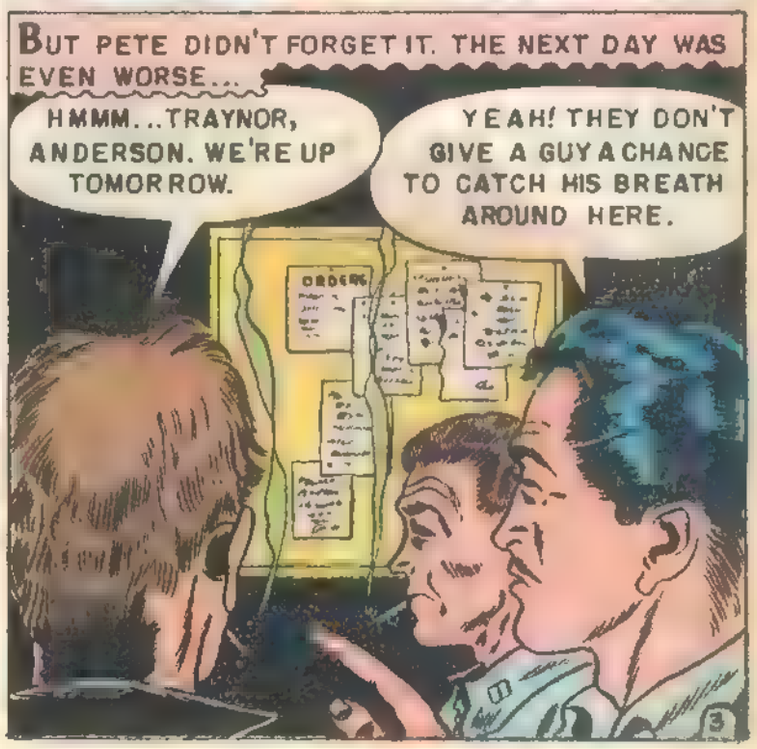
JIM, I'VE GOT TO TALK TO YOU!
HEY, TAKE IT EASY, PETE. YOU SOUND LIKE YOU'RE GETTING FLAK-HAPPY. SPILL IT.

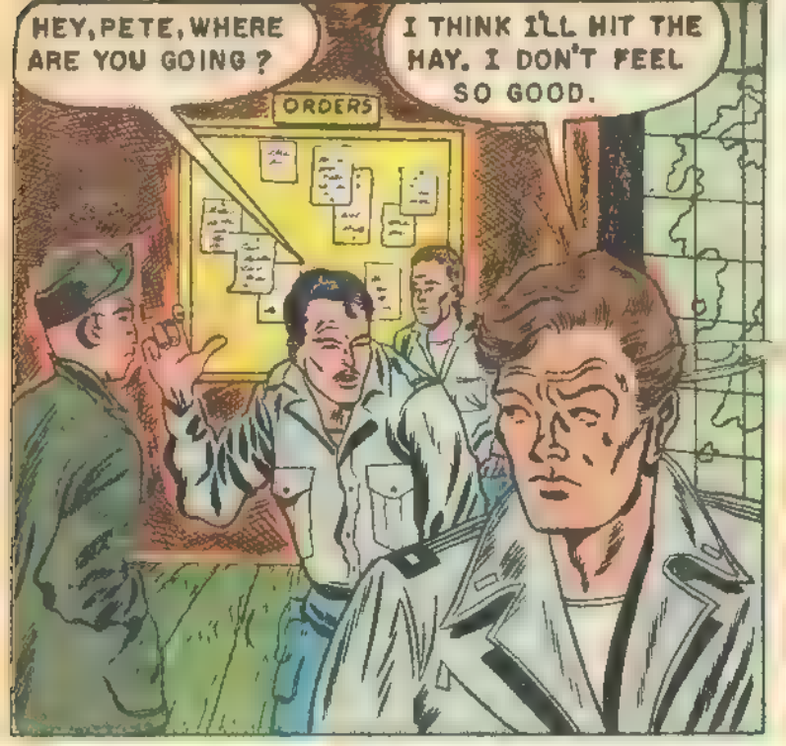
JIM, I TURNED TAIL UP THERE TODAY. WHEN I SAW THOSE MIGS COMING AT ME I TURNED TAIL AND RAN.
I KNOW, I SAW YOU, BUT IT'S HAPPENED BEFORE. YOU JUST GOT THE JITTERS.

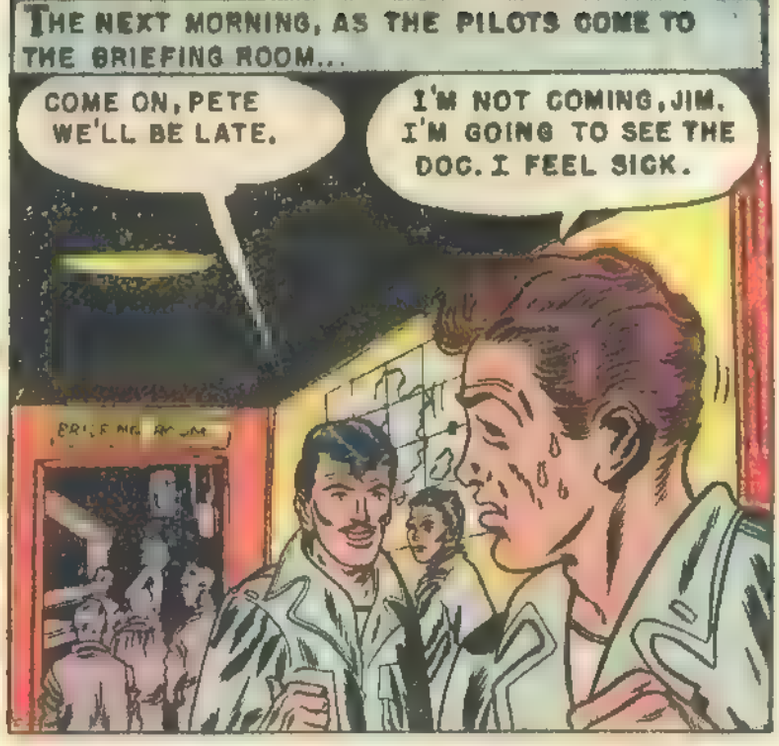

IT'S MORE THAN THAT, I TURNED YELLOW. IF ANY OF YOU BOYS GOT IT, I WOULD HAVE BEEN MY FAULT.
SHUT UP! NOBODY GOT IT, AND PLENTY OF FLYBOYS HAVE GONE THROUGH THIS BEFORE. YOU'RE *NOT* YELLOW.


NO? YOU GUYS STAYED THERE AND FOUGHT IT OUT-- I RAN! I'VE LOST MY NERVE!
YOU'LL GET IT BACK. ANOTHER TIME UP THERE AND YOU'LL BE BLASTIN' THE REDS OUT OF THE AIR.
PILOTS CANTEEN


NO, JIM. I'M NOT GOING UP AGAIN.
CUT IT! COME ON DOWN TO THE CANTEEN. YOU'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT IT BY MORNING.
USAF


BUT PETE DIDN'T FORGET IT. THE NEXT DAY WAS EVEN WORSE...
HMMM...TRAYNOR, ANDERSON. WE'RE UP TOMORROW.
YEAH! THEY DON'T GIVE A GUY A CHANCE TO CATCH HIS BREATH AROUND HERE.
ORDERS

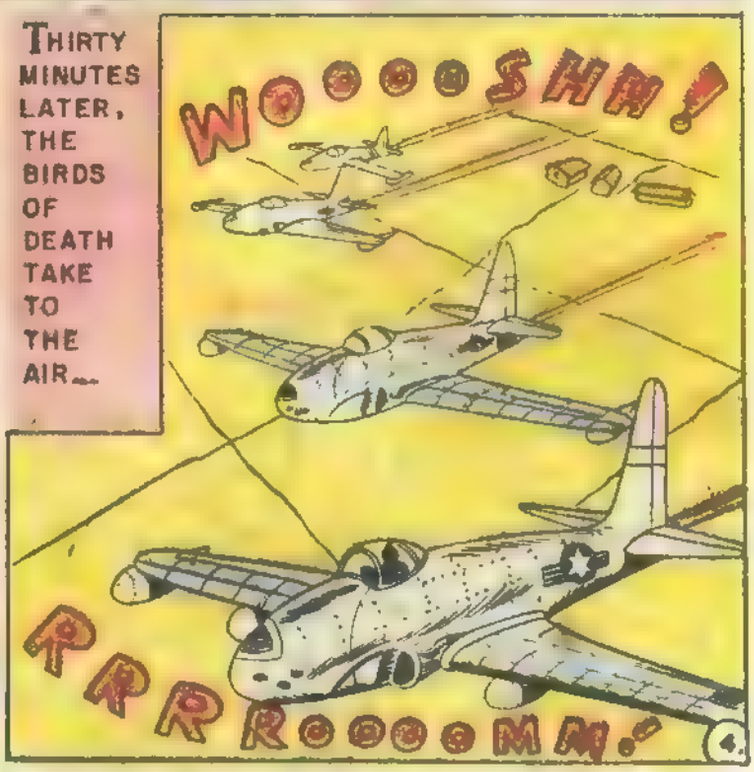

HEY, PETE, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
ORDERS
I THINK I'LL HIT THE HAY. I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD.

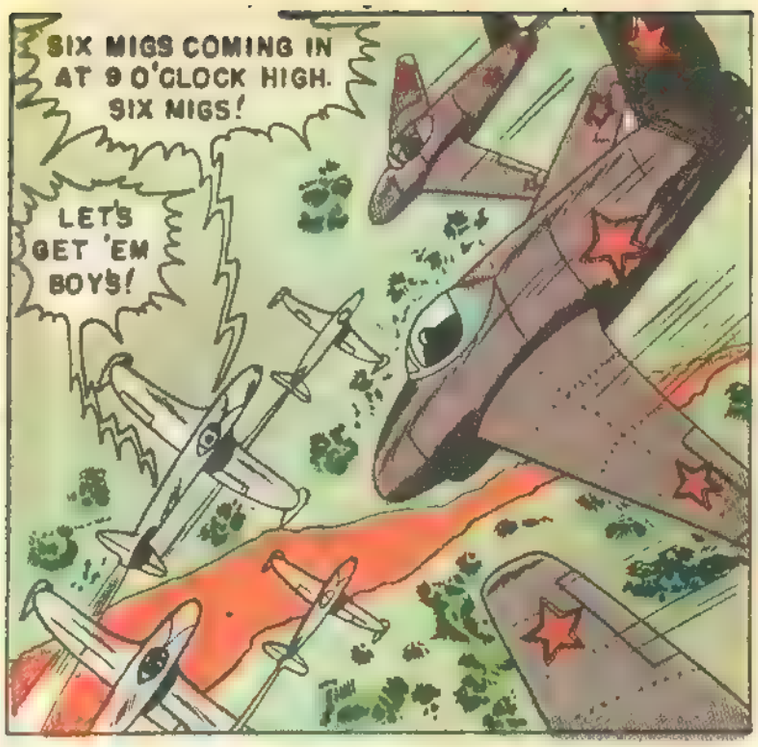

THE NEXT MORNING, AS THE PILOTS COME TO THE BRIEFING ROOM...
COME ON, PETE WE'LL BE LATE.
I'M NOT COMING, JIM. I'M GOING TO SEE THE DOC. I FEEL SICK.

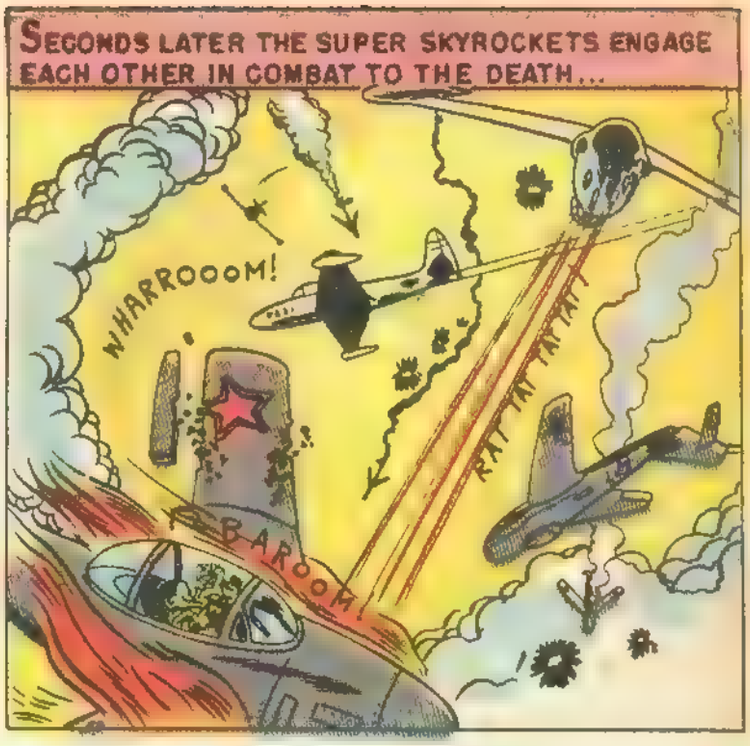
YOU'RE NOT SICK! YOU'RE JUST LETTING YOUR NERVES GET YOU-- LET'S GO UP AGAIN AND YOU'LL BE O.K.!
I... I CAN'T...

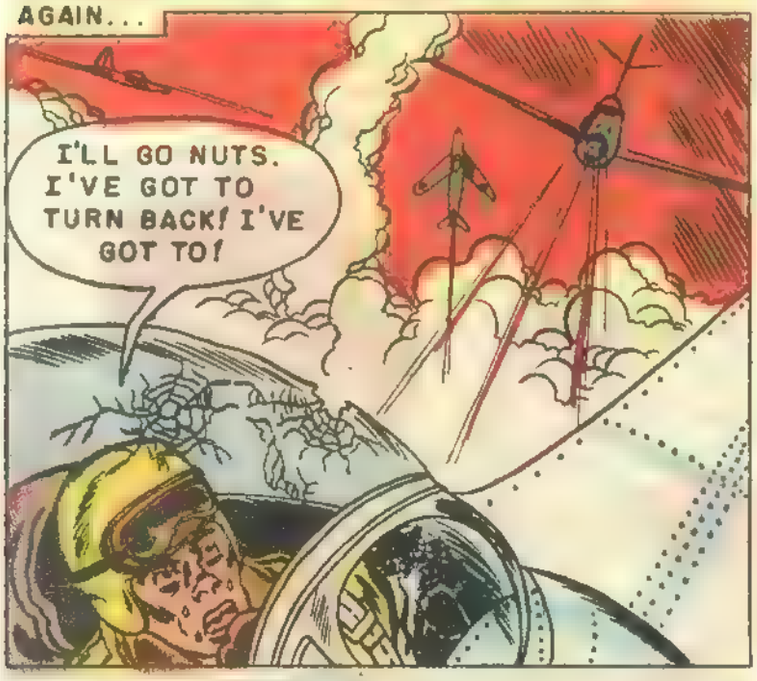
YOU CAN! IF YOU DON'T GO, I'LL SPILL YOUR STORY TO THE WHOLE OUTFIT--I MEAN IT, PETE!
YOU...YOU WOULDN'T. YEAH, I GUESS YOU WOULD... ALL RIGHT, I'LL GO!
BRIEFING

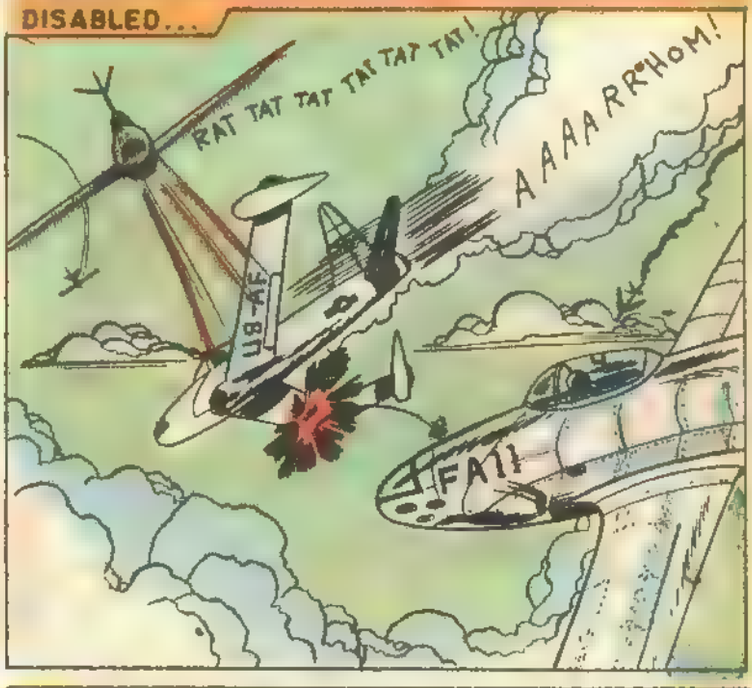
THAT'S BETTER. AND REMEMBER THIS. I'LL BE KEEPING MY EYE ON YOU EVERY SECOND. IF YOU TURN BACK, I'LL BLAST YOU OUT OF THE AIR MYSELF!
MAYBE IT WOULD BE BETTER ALL AROUND IF YOU DID...

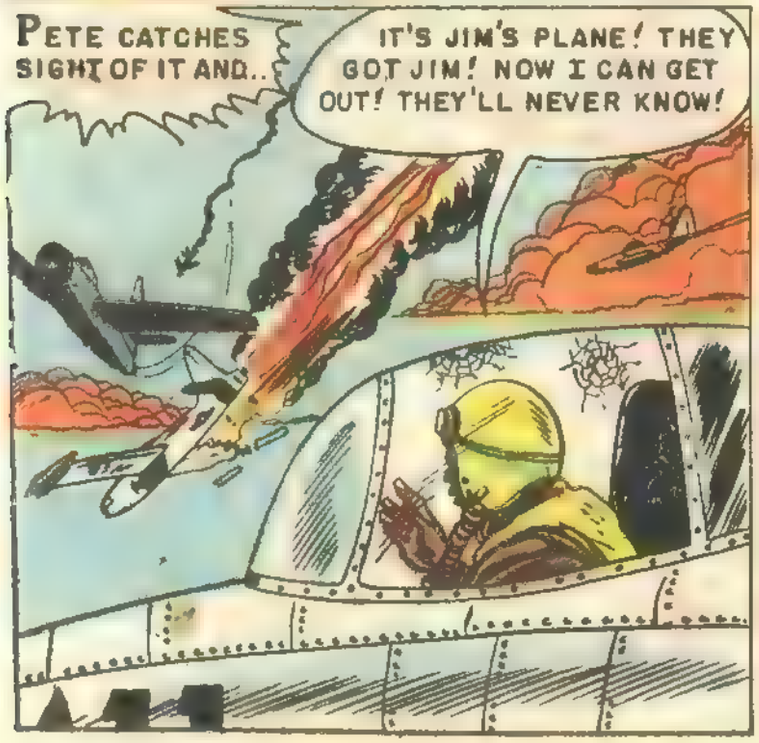

THIRTY MINUTES LATER, THE BIRDS OF DEATH TAKE TO THE AIR...
WOOOOSHM!
PRRROOOOMM!

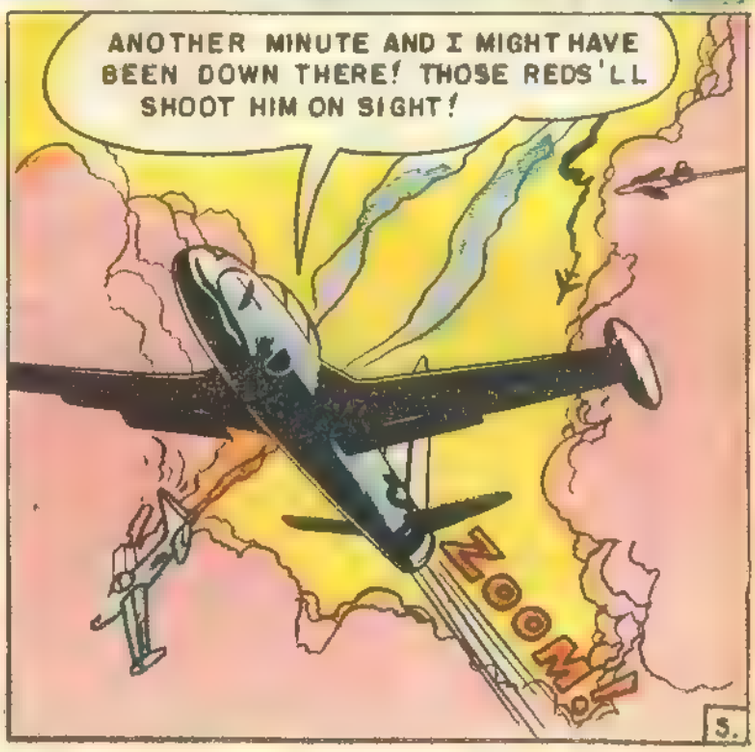

SIX MIGS COMING IN AT 9 O'CLOCK HIGH. SIX MIGS!
LET'S GET 'EM BOYS!


SECONDS LATER THE SUPER SKYROCKETS ENGAGE EACH OTHER IN COMBAT TO THE DEATH...
WHARROOOM!
RAT TAT TAT TAT
BAROOM

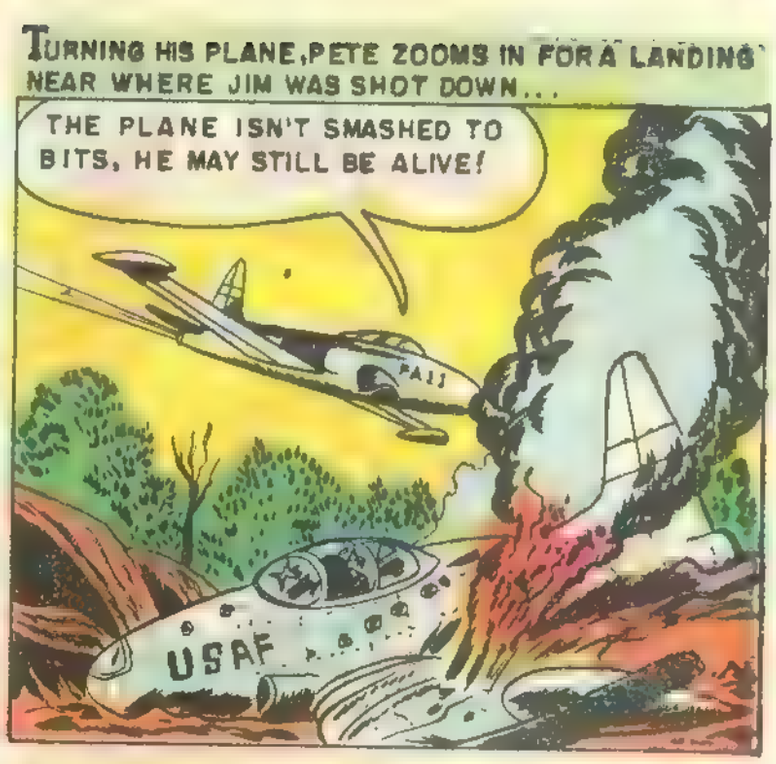

IN PETE'S PLANE THE SAME TERROR GRIPS HIM AGAIN...
I'LL GO NUTS. I'VE GOT TO TURN BACK! I'VE GOT TO!

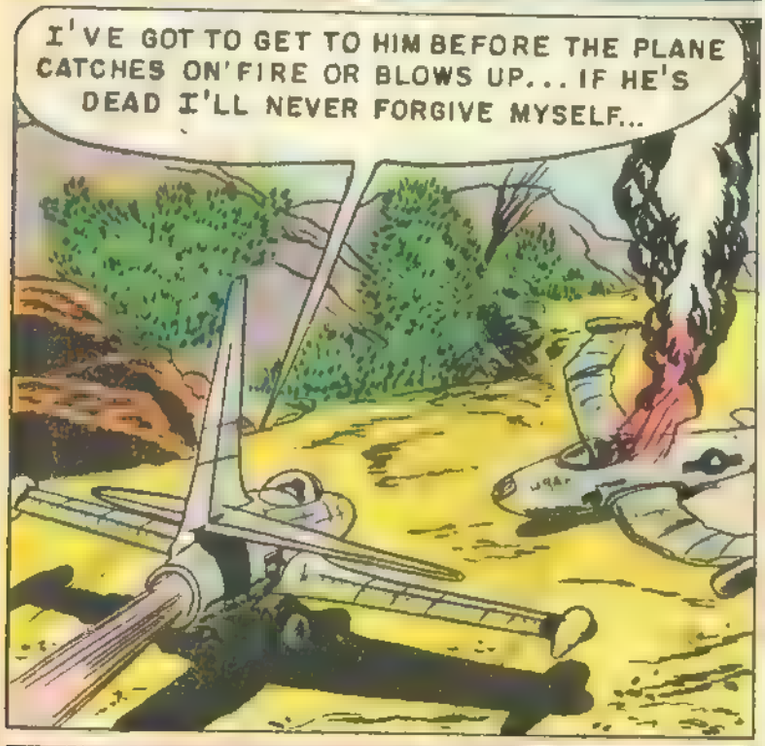

SUDDENLY TO PETE'S RIGHT A JET GOES DOWN DISABLED...
RAT TAT TAT TAT TAT TAT!
AAAAARRHOM!
US-AF
FA11

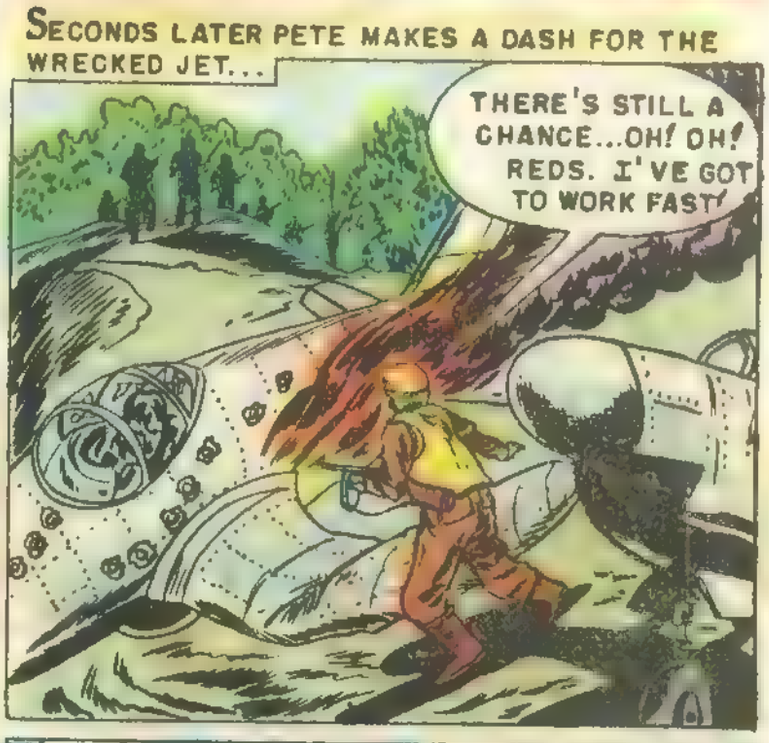

PETE CATCHES SIGHT OF IT AND...
IT'S JIM'S PLANE! THEY GOT JIM! NOW I CAN GET OUT! THEY'LL NEVER KNOW!


ANOTHER MINUTE AND I MIGHT HAVE BEEN DOWN THERE! THOSE REDS'LL SHOOT HIM ON SIGHT!
ZOOM!

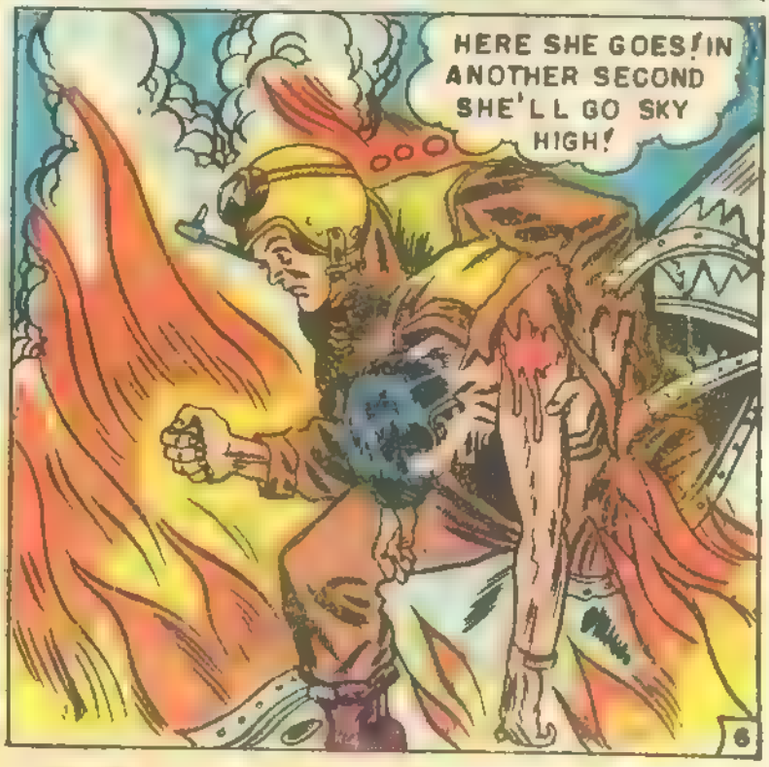
SUDDENLY PETE COMES TO HIS SENSES. IN PLACE OF FEAR THERE IS ANGER AND REVULSION AT WHAT HE IS DOING...
I MUST BE CRAZY! THAT'S JIM DOWN THERE! MY BEST PAL! I'M LETTING HIM DIE! I'VE GOT TO GO BACK!


TURNING HIS PLANE, PETE ZOOMS IN FOR A LANDING NEAR WHERE JIM WAS SHOT DOWN...
THE PLANE ISN'T SMASHED TO BITS, HE MAY STILL BE ALIVE!
USAF


I'VE GOT TO GET TO HIM BEFORE THE PLANE CATCHES ON FIRE OR BLOWS UP... IF HE'S DEAD I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF...

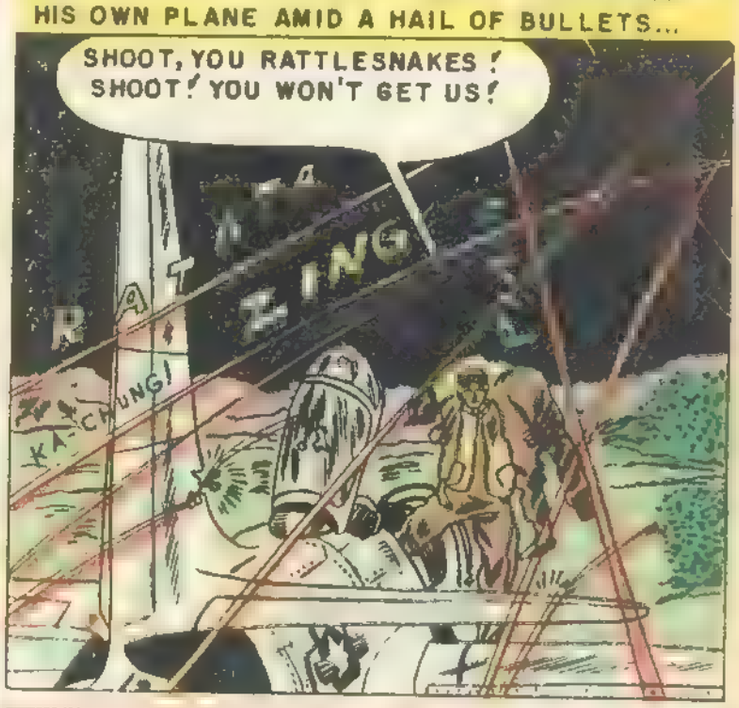

SECONDS LATER PETE MAKES A DASH FOR THE WRECKED JET...
THERE'S STILL A CHANCE...OH! OH! REDS. I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!

REACHING THE PLANE, PETE FINDS JIM ALIVE BUT UNCONSCIOUS...
GOT TO GET HIM BACK TO MY PLANE BEFORE THOSE BLASTED REDS GET HERE.

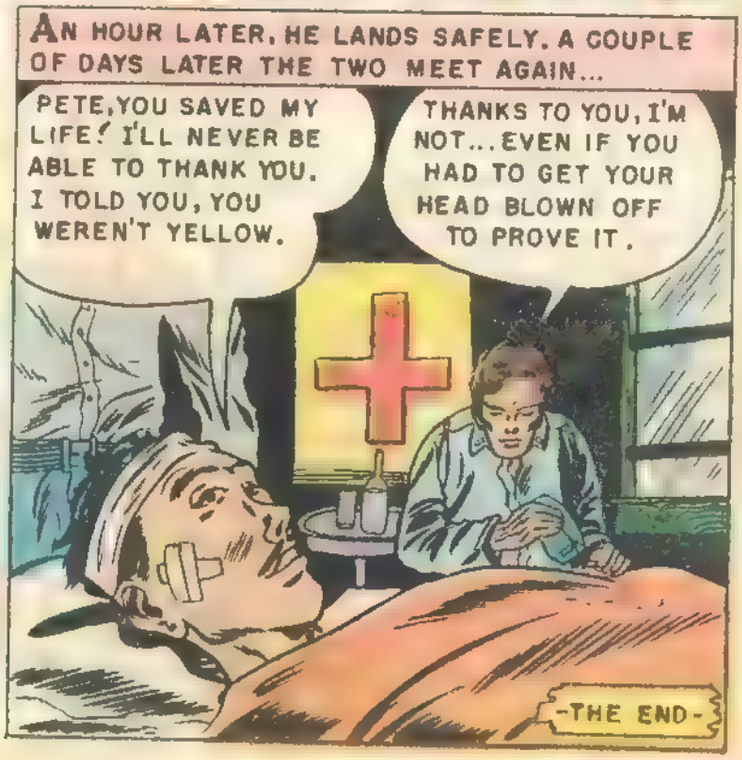

HERE SHE GOES! IN ANOTHER SECOND SHE'LL GO SKY HIGH!

WHARRRROOOOM!
USAF
WHEW! JUST MADE IT!

NOW PETE TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO THE RED SOLDIERS WHO ARE CLOSING IN ON HIM...
YOU'RE NOT TAKING US, YOU LOUSY RATS, NOT AFTER I'VE GOT HIM THIS FAR!
YEAAHH!
UHHH!
RAT TAT TAT TAT TAT!


THEN GRABBING JIM, HE MAKES A DASH FOR HIS OWN PLANE AMID A HAIL OF BULLETS...
SHOOT, YOU RATTLESNAKES! SHOOT! YOU WON'T GET US!
RATTA ZING
KA-CHUNG!

SOMEHOW HE MANAGES TO GET JIM INTO THE PLANE, AND TAKES OFF UNDER HEAVY FIRE...
RRROARRR!
BANG!
BANG!
CRACK!
PING!
SHOOT! SHOOT! DON'T LET AMERICAN GET AWAY!

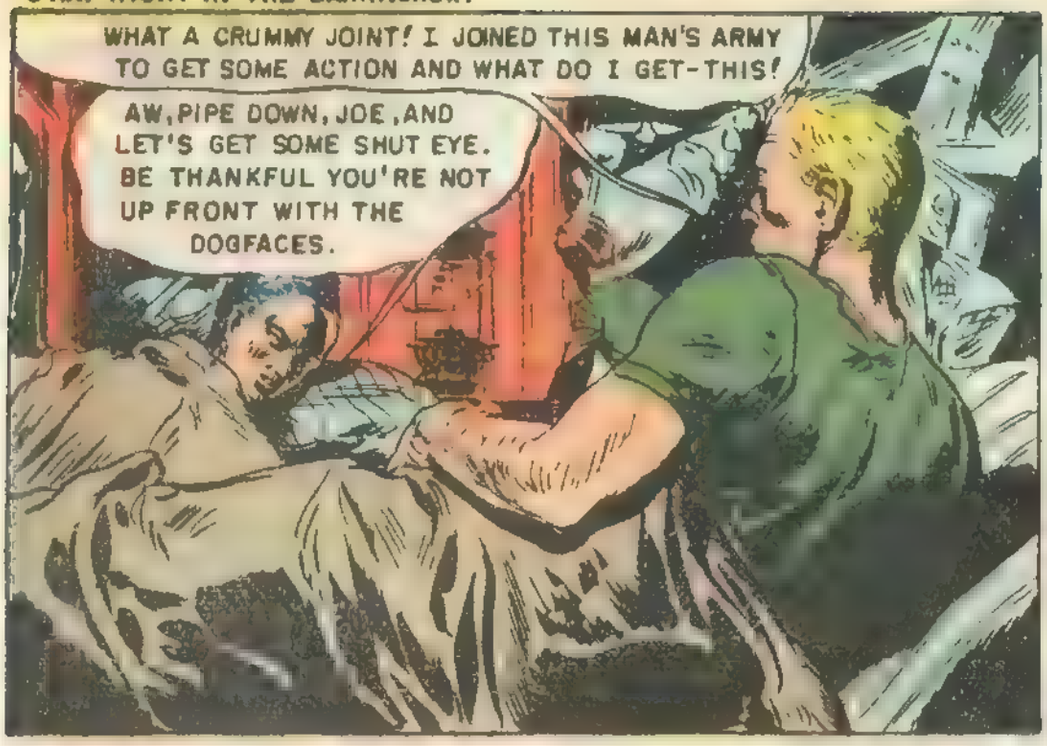

AN HOUR LATER, HE LANDS SAFELY. A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER THE TWO MEET AGAIN...
PETE, YOU SAVED MY LIFE! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO THANK YOU. I TOLD YOU, YOU WEREN'T YELLOW.
THANKS TO YOU, I'M NOT... EVEN IF YOU HAD TO GET YOUR HEAD BLOWN OFF TO PROVE IT.
-THE END-

PW RIOT AT KOJE

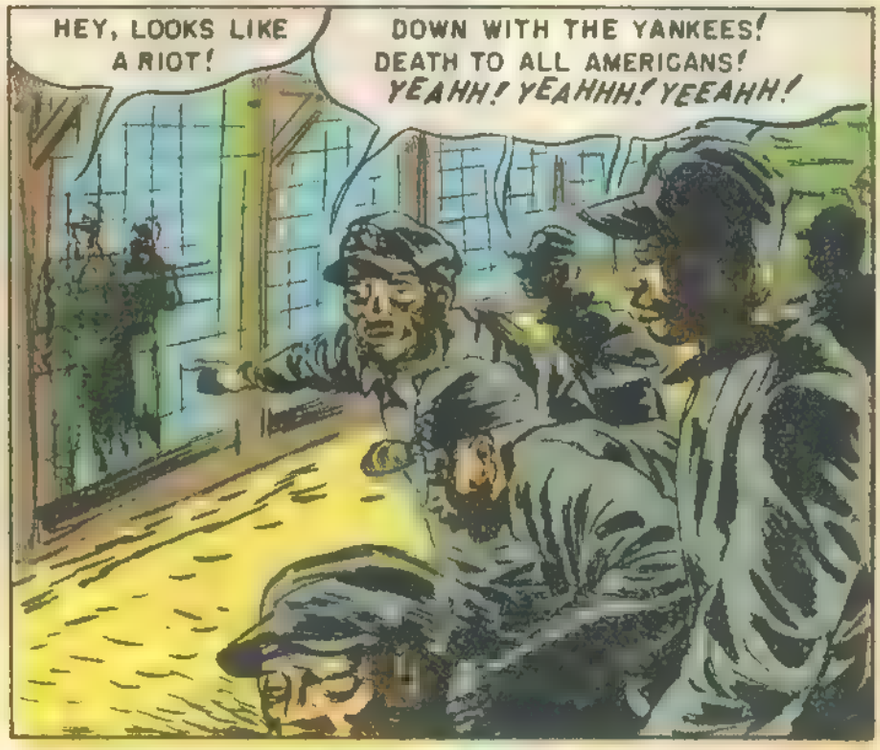
WHEN JOE METNIK FOUND HIMSELF IN AN M.P. UNIT HE WAS COMPLETELY DISGUSTED. WHILE OTHER MEN FOUGHT, HE STOOD GUARD—THAT IS, UNTIL HE REACHED A LONELY ISLAND OFF KOREA WHERE THE WORST P.O.W.'S WERE KEPT. FROM THEN ON HE GOT ACTION WITH A VENGEANCE IN THE "RIOT AT KOJE"....

KOJE ISLAND, OFF KOREA, AS AN M.P. OUTFIT GETS THEIR ORDERS...

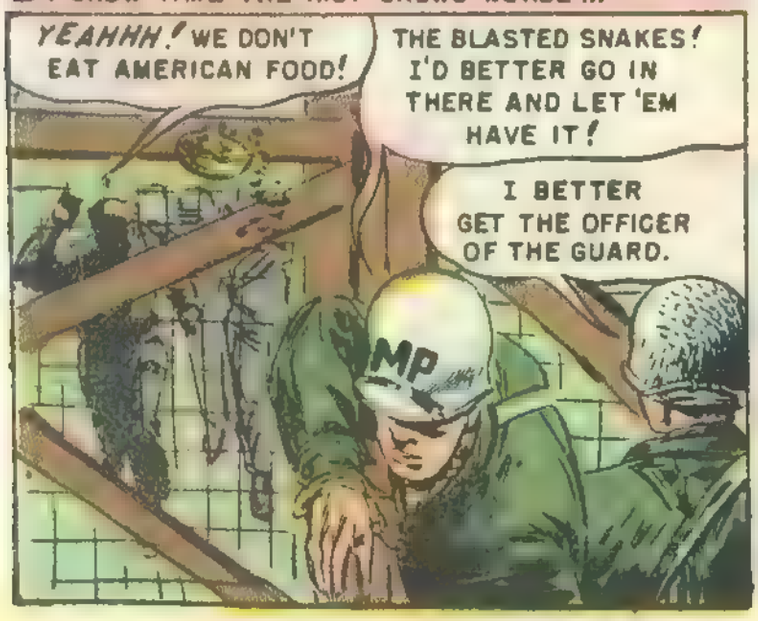
THAT NIGHT IN THE BARRACKS...



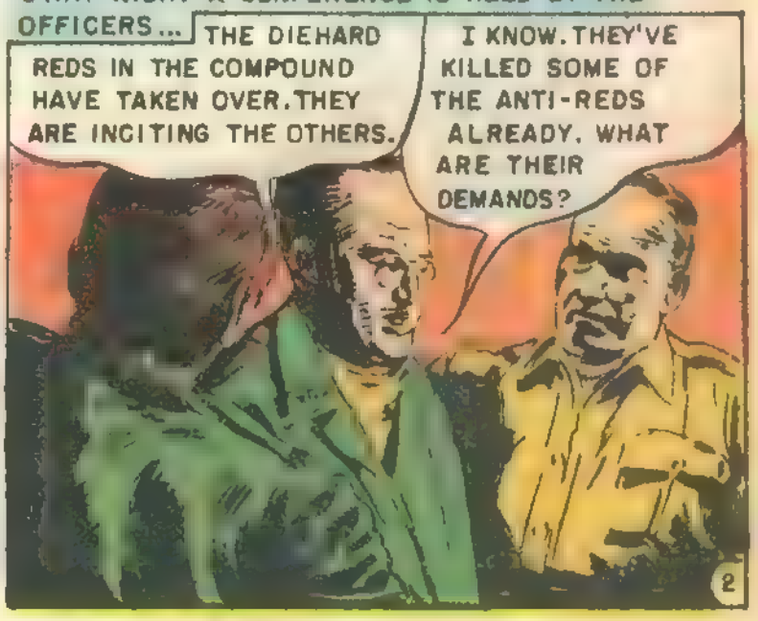
FOR A FEW DAYS IT LOOKS LIKE JOE HAS A GOOD GRIPE...THEN...

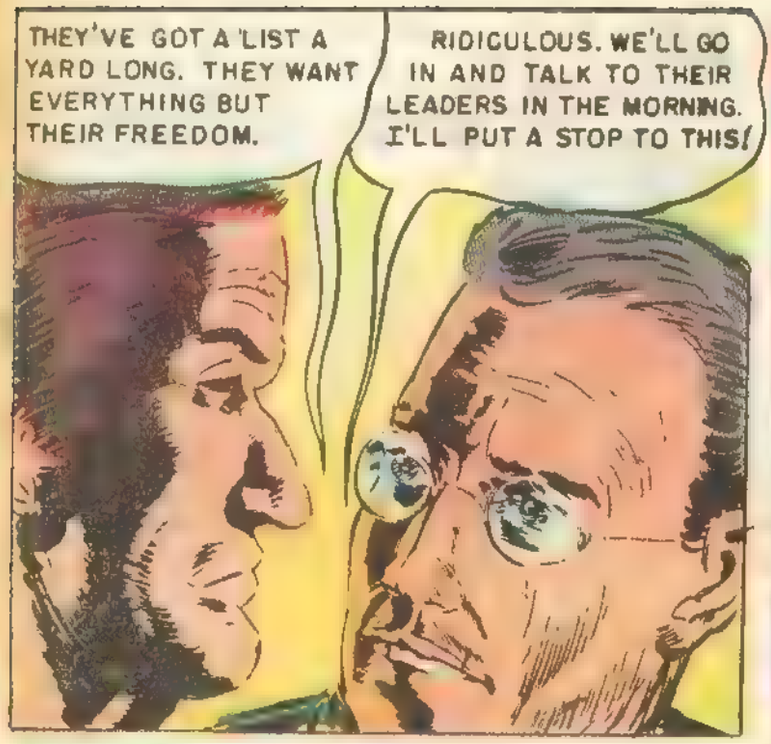


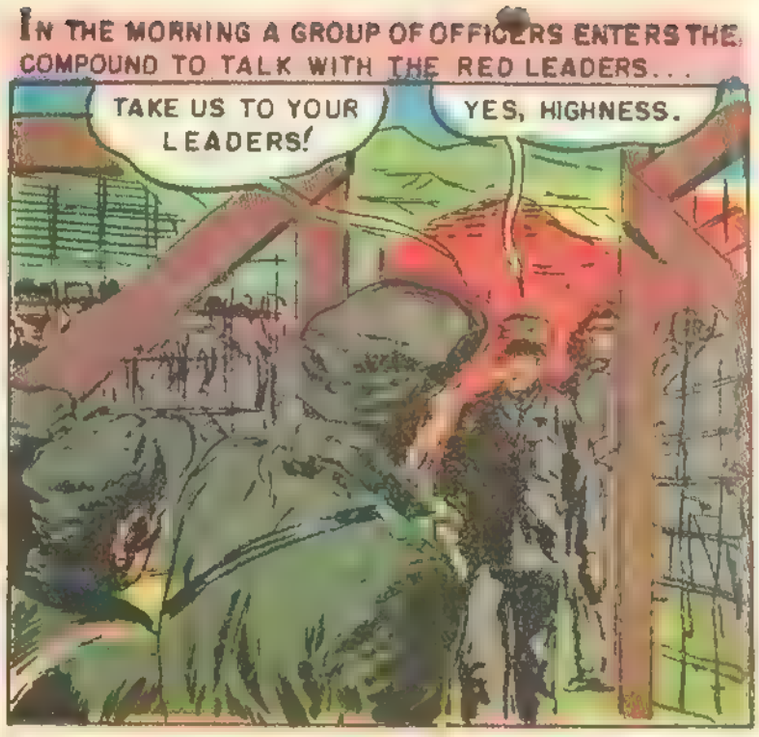
BY CHOW TIME THE RIOT GROWS WORSE ...

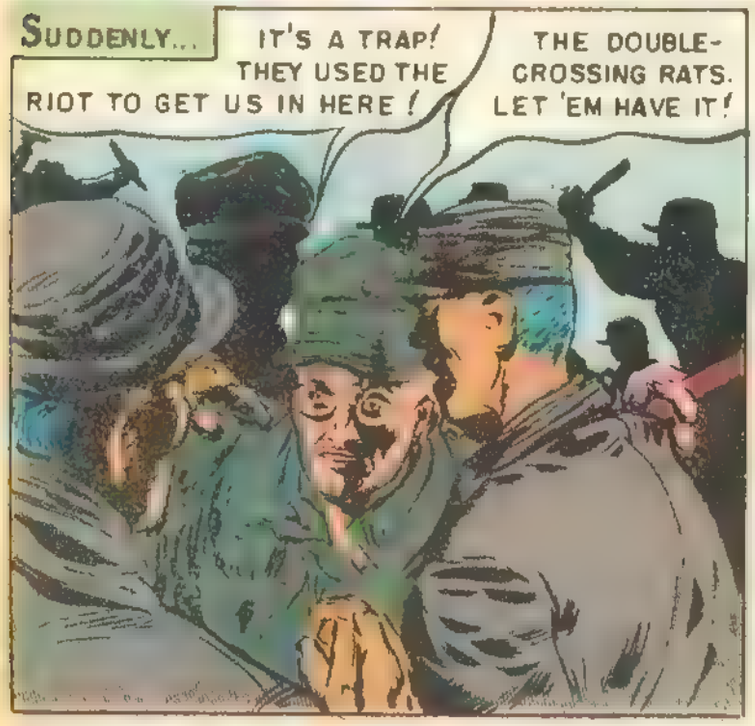


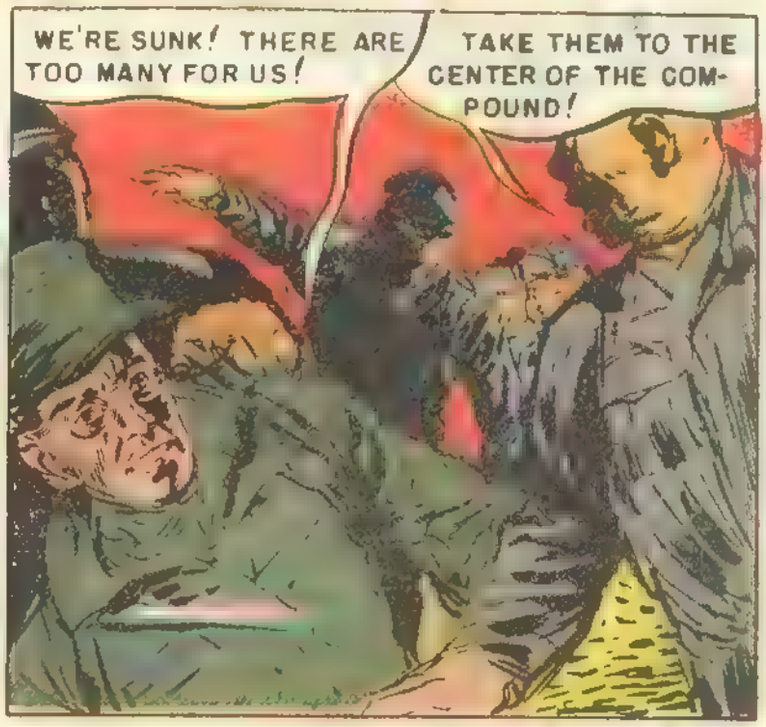
THAT NIGHT A CONFERENCE IS HELD BY THE OFFICERS...

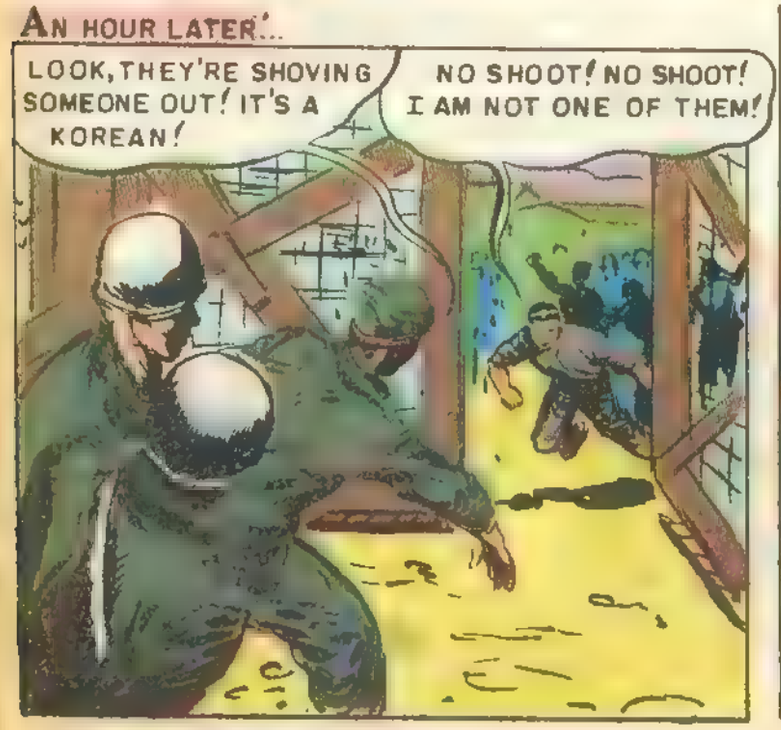



THEY'VE GOT A LIST A YARD LONG. THEY WANT EVERYTHING BUT THEIR FREEDOM.
RIDICULOUS. WE'LL GO IN AND TALK TO THEIR LEADERS IN THE MORNING. I'LL PUT A STOP TO THIS!


IN THE MORNING A GROUP OF OFFICERS ENTERS THE COMPOUND TO TALK WITH THE RED LEADERS...
TAKE US TO YOUR LEADERS!
YES, HIGHNESS.


SUDDENLY...
IT'S A TRAP! THEY USED THE RIOT TO GET US IN HERE!
THE DOUBLE-CROSSING RATS. LET 'EM HAVE IT!


WE'RE SUNK! THERE ARE TOO MANY FOR US!
TAKE THEM TO THE CENTER OF THE COMPOUND!


AN HOUR LATER...
LOOK, THEY'RE SHOVING SOMEONE OUT! IT'S A KOREAN!
NO SHOOT! NO SHOOT! I AM NOT ONE OF THEM!

I AM NOT A RED. THEY MAKE ME FIGHT. THEY SAY TO TELL YOU ALL WILL BE KILLED UNLESS YOU LET THEM GO FREE.
WHAT! THEY WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT! THEY WILL ALL BE SHOT.

LATER...

YOU WANTED ACTION, JOE. LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT IT, BUT GOOD!

SHUT UP. SOMEBODY'S GOT TO GET THEM OUT OF THAT COMPOUND.

WHO? YOU?

MAYBE! I GOT AN IDEA!

JOE TALKS WITH HIS COMMANDER...

SIR, YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME TRY. I CAN DO IT. I KNOW I CAN... IF I CAN'T, ALL YOU LOSE IS ONE MORE MAN.

WELL, I DON'T KNOW.

WHEN IT COMES TO A SHOWDOWN, THOSE GUYS ARE YELLOW! JUST LET ME TRY.

ALL RIGHT, METNIK. I THINK YOU'RE CRAZY, BUT GO AHEAD.

THE NEXT MORNING, AS THE ENTIRE OUTFIT WATCHES WITH THEIR HEARTS IN THEIR MOUTHS, JOE BOLDLY ENTERS THE COMPOUND...

TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADERS. I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR THEM!

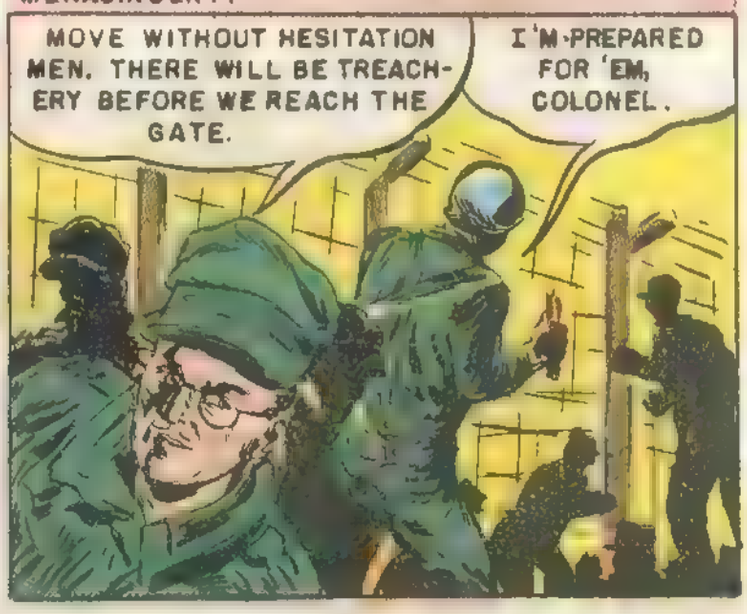
YOU FOLLOW!

JOE IS TAKEN TO THE CENTER OF THE CAMP WHERE HE FINDS THE CAPTURED OFFICERS AND THE RED LEADERS...

YOU HAVE A MESSAGE, AMERICAN. TELL IT.

RELEASE THESE MEN OR YOU'LL ALL DIE!

THE OFFICERS ARE RELEASED AND JOE LEADS THEM TOWARD THE GATE AS THE PRISONERS WATCH MENACINGLY...

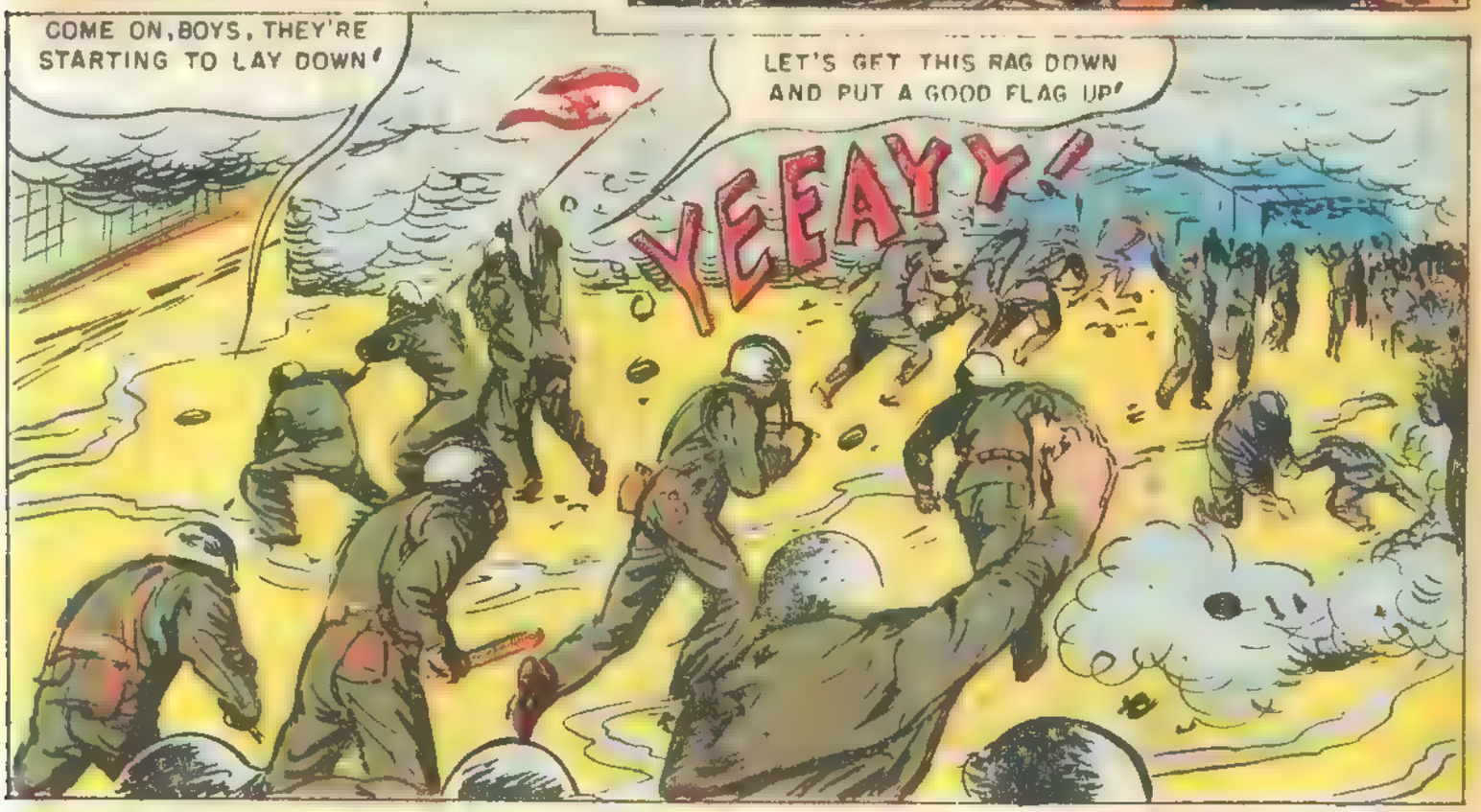


NEAR THE GATE THE KOREANS MAKE ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO RECAPTURE THEM...

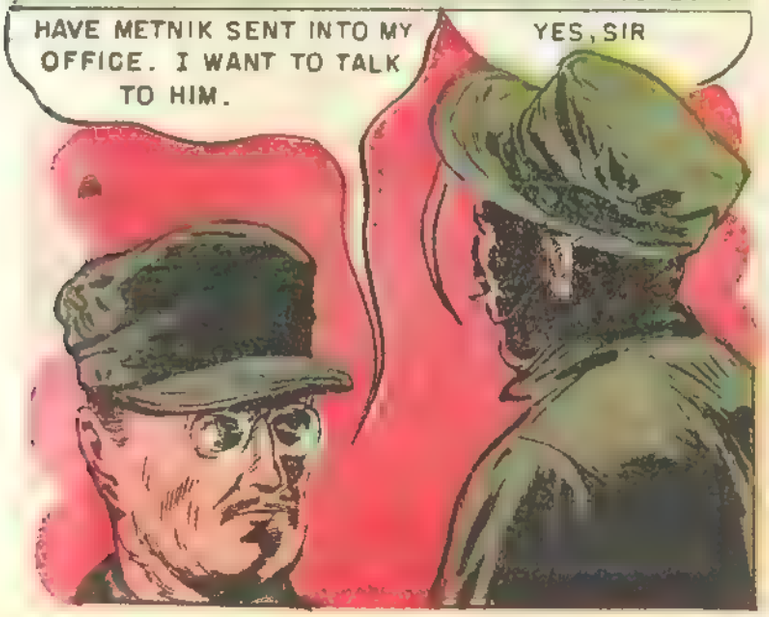
THEY MAKE IT BY THE SKIN OF THEIR TEETH...

MINUTES LATER...

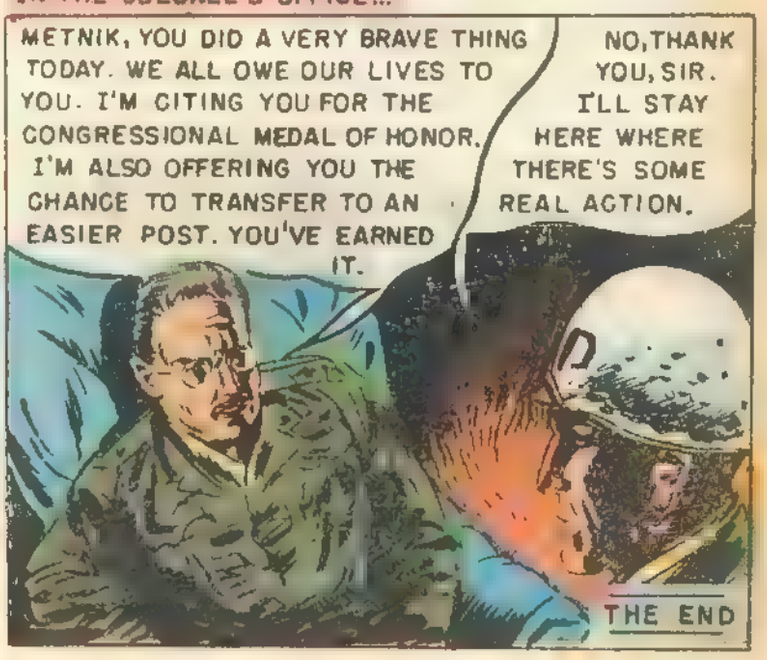
A TERRIFIC BATTLE ENSUES.



IN NO TIME THE REBELLIOUS PRISONERS ARE SUBDUED AND THE LEADERS ARE TAKEN INTO CUSTODY.



IN THE COLONEL'S OFFICE...



Play Piano! Get Out of Your Rut! Here's Your Chance To Open The Door To Popularity and A Lifetime of Pleasure . . . for Less Than $2

THOUSANDS HAVE DISCOVERED HOW TO PLAY PIANO THE EASY A-B-C DEAN ROSS WAY

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The Dean Ross Patented Automatic Chord Selector Enables You To Play Chords With Your Left Hand — At Once! A Dean Ross Exclusive! Not Available With Any Other Course, At Any Price!

Dean Ross Will Show You How To Play Piano With Both Hands The FIRST DAY...or *Don't Pay*

No Scales! No Exercises! No Boring Practice! You Play Instantly!

"I learned to play a song in 10 minutes."
A. C. C., Washington

"Even if one never played a note it is easy."
C. G. H., New Hampshire

"Now I can play sheet music beautifully."
E. S., New York

Hundreds of grateful, enthusiastic letters like these are in our files.

Make no mistake about it! No matter if you've never played a single note before — or if you've had lessons and gave up in despair — even if you've tried other piano courses and were disappointed — the Dean Ross Piano Course will have you playing piano with BOTH hands the very first day . . . and you'll love it! That's how easy it is. That's how fast this modern, studio-tested method teaches you to play.

There's nothing old-fashioned about the Dean Ross Course. In fact, just one of its exclusive features makes it better than all other home-study courses no matter how high their cost. All the mystery and disappointment has been removed from piano playing with the invention of the new, Patented, Dean Ross device: the AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR. You simply place the Automatic Chord Selector on the piano and strike chords with your left hand AT ONCE! It's as though Dean Ross were sitting at your side, guiding your fingers. You learn by playing familiar songs with both hands, immediately.

Yet, this is no trick method. Without tiresome drills and boring exercises you actually learn to read notes and play any sheet music. You'll play songs everyone enjoys . . . from Hit Parade numbers and hymns to beautiful old ballads. You gain ease, assurance and a professional style as you glide through the 30 fascinating lessons and 50 songs, each with words and music, and special Dean Ross play-at-once arrangements.

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Complete Course only $1.98
Includes PATENTED AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR
Nothing More To Pay
SEND NO MONEY

When the Complete Course, including Patented Automatic Chord Selector is delivered, pay postman only $1.98 plus postage. You must learn to play with BOTH hands or your full purchase price will be refunded. The Patented Automatic Chord Selector is yours to keep, in any case. You have nothing to lose and everything to gain, including popularity and fun, so mail coupon today.

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Send Complete Piano Course (30 illustrated lessons and words & music of 50 songs) and PATENTED AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR. Will pay postman only $1.98 plus postage. If not completely thrilled, may return Course in 10 days for immediate purchase price refund. The PATENTED AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR is mine to keep.

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The GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT In SPRAY GUN HISTORY!

The New Improved CHAMPION

NEVER OFFERED BEFORE!

Paint the new way . . . Spray! The simplicity of using the CHAMPION is as amazing as the fine quality painting it does! Just press the trigger and you're painting! It's that easy! No mess—it sprays even and clean. The CHAMPION is an achievement of scientific electronic engineers that signifies a new spray gun development! It's all metal, compares with spray guns selling for as much as $39.95, yet it costs less than one-third! It's hardy, tough, made of such high grade metals as Electro-Lytic Zinc, fine copper, stainless steel, bronze and brass. The CHAMPION has been tested to meet every rigid specification of its job!

NO PLASTIC USED! It's metal through and through! The CHAMPION was deliberately made of metal all the way through . . . that's why we guaranteed it for a lifetime! Fragile plastic would not warrant this fabulous guarantee!

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BUILT for HEAVY DUTY

Use this All-Metal Spray Gun for spraying Paints, including rubber-base paints — Lacquers — Enamels — Varnishes — Chemicals — Oils — Insecticides — Deodorants — Shellacs — Waxing — Rustproofing — Waterproofing. You'll save many times the low cost of Champion. Included: 5 extra nozzle discs; enough to last a lifetime!

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ELECTRIC Spot Reducer

Spot Reducer

Relaxing • Soothing Penetrating Massage

UNDERWRITERS LABORATORY APPROVED

FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use spot REDUCER with or without electricity—Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.

Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and turkish baths—MASSAGE!

TAKE OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!

Don't Stay FAT—You Can LOSE POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY Without Risking HEALTH

LIKE a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts, Underwriters Laboratory approved.

MAIL THIS 10 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!

TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Mail this coupon with only $1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman $8.95 plus delivery—or send $9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON now!

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Relax with electric Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. Helps you sleep when massage can be of benefit.

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LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

USED BY EXPERTS

Thousands have lost weight this way — in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, necks, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room.

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Please send me the Spot Reducer for 10 days trial period. I enclose $1. Upon arrival I will pay postman only $8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

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LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's *good night!*"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you — are YOUR ears burning! Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could dat.. anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they *want* to!

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it—with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!

FELLOWS! GIRLS!
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germy fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX — now!

No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!

ACTUAL LENGTH 3½"

RUSH COUPON NOW!

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only $1.00 plus postage. Or save all postage by enclosing $1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way—just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get $1 back. Order today!

Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—release extractor—and blackhead's out!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

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19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

☐ Enclosed find $1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman $1.00 plus postage.
My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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